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THE WRECK OF THE ROBIN'S NEST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

It swung last night in the apple tree—
A robin's nest and its downy brood;
A storm up the east came silently,
But the west was red as blood.
And there it swung in the crooked bough,
And here I stood in my joy apart,
And dreamed of the nest that Love had built
In the depths of my singing heart.

II.

I stood again 'neath the apple tree,
'Twas the pearly hush of the breaking dawn,
But the storm had burst in the deep dark night,
And the robin's nest was gone.
Gone with its depths of woven grass,
With its tender brood and its sweet hopes fled;
And I said to my heart, "Will *thy* life-storm pass,
And *thy* darling dreams lie dead?"

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &C.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE STRANGER APPLICANT.

Morning dawned. I was up betimes, putting on my things to go out, anxious to get rid of the night's impressions, longing for the fresh air to blow on my heated face. But it is a positive fact that until I had my hand on the handle of the door to open it, I never remembered I had been locked in.

It was unfastened now, however, I found, and I at liberty. The first person I came upon in the garden, not many paces beyond view of the house, was Mr. Chandos.

"Did I offend you last night, Miss Hereford?"

"No, sir."

"Then take my arm in token of peace, and walk with me as far as the gates. I assumed the liberty of treating you as a sister: like I should have treated Emily, as I told you, had she been in your place."

I took the arm held out to me; a glowing crimson rising to my face. Mr. Chandos saw it, and we walked on a few moments in silence. Presently he turned his head to me.

"What caused you to be looking from your room door in the night?"

"The noise in the corridor awoke me, and I was frightened. Then came that loud shriek from Mrs. Chandos, and I naturally opened my door to look."

"How do you know it came from Mrs. Chandos?"

"I saw her, sir."

"You *saw* Mrs. Chandos?" he hastily returned, looking at me with a strangely fixed expression. "How and when did you see her?"

"I saw her then, sir. You were with her, persuading her—as it seemed to me—to enter her own rooms; and Lady Chandos followed. You were without your coat."

For the space of a full minute he never took his eyes from my face; and it seemed to me that he questioned my veracity.

"Suppose I were to tell you that it was not Mrs. Chandos whom you saw?" he said.

"But I am sure it was Mrs. Chandos, sir. I recognized her in spite of her hanging hair, and I also recognized her voice."

"And you are equally sure, I presume, that it was myself?"

"Undoubtedly it was yourself, Mr. Chandos."

"Well, I cannot dispute it. But I think you must possess good eyesight, Miss Hereford, to have distinguished us so correctly in that obscure corridor."

"It was by no means obscure, sir. On these bright moonlight nights the passages are light. At the first moment, I certainly did not recognize either Lady or Mrs. Chandos, but I did as soon as my eyesight became accustomed to the light. Do you know how Mrs. Chandos is this morning?"

"She is better."

"What—" I began, and stopped dead.

"Proceed," said Mr. Chandos.

"I was going to ask what was the matter with her, sir, and I stopped because it occurred to me that I should be taking an unwarrantable liberty."

"There are certain points connected with Mrs. Chandos and her history, which may not be imparted to a stranger," he gravely answered. "In saying a stranger, Miss Hereford, I include the whole world, save myself and my mother: not even to Emily would they be spoken of. You will not, therefore, feel offended that I cannot disclose to you any particulars relating to Mrs. Chandos.—May I inquire what you heard her say?"

"I heard her say that she was kept as a caged bird, and that it was your fault, sir.—She seemed also to be reproaching you with not having told her something, and said it was cruel."

"Told her what? what 'something'?" he rejoined, with almost feverish impatience.

"I—I cannot tell you, sir."

"Do you mean that you are unable, or that you prefer not to tell me?"

"That I prefer not, sir. I do not consider myself at liberty to tell."

"It seems that you have also a mystery, Miss Hereford," he said.

"A very slight one, indeed, sir. When I saw Mrs. Chandos out here last evening, she let fall a few words to me upon a certain subject, and I believed that those other words of hers in the night referred to the same. She bade me not speak of it, and therefore I would rather not."

"When and where did you see Mrs. Chandos?"

"I ran into the oak parlor at tea time: looking scared, as you observed afterwards. It was then. I had met Mrs. Chandos in the walk underneath the pines, and she ran in just before me."

"Then she must have been out alone?"

"Quite alone, sir, in her white silk evening dress."

"And she talked to you of—Miss Hereford," he abruptly broke off, standing still, and taking within his own hand mine, that rested on it, "I heard you say the other day you were a reader of countenances, of character, of qualities. How have you read ME?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Do you think I am a man to be confided in? In a word, can you, do you feel that you can place implicit confidence in me, in my truth, my honor?"

"The first moment I saw you, sir, all those years ago at Miss Barlieu's, I felt that you were one in whom I or any might repose perfect trust. I feel so still."

"That is all right," he answered, his face brightening, "and now there is no fear of your misapprehending me, or of thinking I should say what I am about to say without good and sufficient motives. You say that Mrs. Chandos spoke to you last evening upon a confidential topic; that her words in the night appeared to refer to the same: will you exemplify your trust in me now, when I assure you there are reasons, imperative reasons for my being made acquainted with those words?"

"I will tell you them at once, Mr. Chandos, if you deem that I shall be doing right."

"Entirely right. The matter is momentous; almost one of life or death."

I repeated to Mr. Chandos the words—every word, for he made me—she had used in the garden, hurrying over my explanation that I believed them to refer to the dreadful infirmity relating to himself which he had confessed to me. "I supposed she was angry with you for not telling her, sir," I concluded, "and reproached you with it as you took her through the corridor to the east wing."

"Yet she need not have been angry with me for that," he said, playing unconsciously with my fingers. "It was not news that she need covet: do you think it was?"

"No, sir."

"Did she tell you how she found it out?"

"She did not mention that. She had not been speaking to me two minutes when she broke into a smothered scream and ran to the house. I thought she must have seen something to alarm her; and, upon looking to the spot where her eyes had been fixed, I detected the outlines of a man's form, standing there and watching us. I was alarmed also, and burst into the oak parlor in the manner you saw."

"All fancy, on both your parts," said Mr. Chandos.

"No, sir. The man was certainly there—as certainly as that I saw one afterwards at the parlor window. He stood between the trunks of two trees: I think I could show you the very trees."

"But this must be looked to," muttered Mr. Chandos. "What was he like?"

"I cannot tell, sir."

"As tall as I am?"

"Oh, no. Very much shorter."

"If there are spies at Chandos they must be exterminated, that's all. I wish my mother had not insisted on my sending away the dog: he seems to have gone just when he is wanted."

"I would rather Mrs. Chandos did not know that I have told you this, sir," I said, as we neared the gates.

RECONNOITREING THE SHORES OF THE POTOMAC AT NIGHT, TO DISCOVER THE MILITARY WORKS OF THE SECESSIONISTS, BY MEANS OF PROFESSOR GRANT'S POWERFUL CALCIUM LIGHT.

From a Sketch in the "Illustrated News."

"She shall not know it. You have entrusted it to me, as I entrusted you with my unfortunate story, and we must keep each other's confidence. There is one thing I must ask of you, though."

"What is that, sir?"

"To leave off calling me 'sir.' It does not sound well on your lips."

He laughed as he spoke, and so did I, heartily, blushing also till I was ashamed of myself.

"Have you any love for the appellation?" he continued.

"No, indeed. But Madame de Mellissie—"

"Just so," he interrupted. "I suspected as much. You would not have fallen into it of your own accord."

"I don't know that, sir—"

"Sir?"

"It was a slip of the tongue indeed," I cried, laughing merrily, "I have got into the habit of saying it. I was going to observe that in my late situation as governess, I had to say 'sir' and 'madam.' I was bade do so there."

"Well you are not a governess at Chandos, and we can dispense with it," he concluded, as he released my hand and departed through the gates.

"Shall you be in to breakfast?" I inquired, before he was out of hearing.

"Breakfast! I took it an hour ago. I am going over to see Mrs. Freeman. You will be condemned to make a solitary one this morning."

A very pleasant one, for all that. It *is* pleasant to live amidst the luxuries of life. The bare fare of a governess had been exchanged for the liberal table of Chandos. Not that I cared much what I ate and drank; I was young and healthy; but I did like the ease and refinement, the state and the innocent vanities pertaining to the order of the Chandoses.

Mr. Chandos returned in the course of the morning. Hill came into the room almost as he did.

"Well, sir, and how is she?" she began.

"She is in that state, Hill, that there is no probability of her coming back," he replied, throwing back his velveteen coat from his shoulders, for he was in sporting clothes—and very handsome he looked in them, as a tall, well made man generally does.

"There's a bother!" was Hill's retort. "Then the other thing must be seen about directly, Mr. Harry, without loss of time."

"I suppose it must. Things seem to be working tolerably cross just now."

"Cross and contrary, as they always will do, sir, when it's specially necessary they should work the other way. Will you go up and see my lady, sir?"

"I am going up. Let Hickens bring in the tray. I am hungry after my early breakfast."

"You have not been walking over to Mrs. Freeman's, Mr. Chandos?" said I, as Hill departed. For neither carriage nor horse had gone out.

"That would be a twenty mile walk, there and back. I honored the omnibus with my company as far as the station, and then went on by train; coming home in the same way."

The luncheon tray was on the table when he descended from his mother's rooms, and he hastily sat down to it. He was dressed differently then.

"I will not invite you to take it with me," he observed, "for I must not sit five minutes, and can barely snatch a mouthful."

"Are you going far?"

"Not very far: but I wish to be home to dinner. That will do, Hickens: you need not wait."

"Let me wait upon you, Mr. Chandos," I said, springing up.

"Very well. How will you begin?"

"I don't know what to begin with. I don't know what you want first."

"Nor I. For I do not want anything at all just now. What have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"Working; and reading. Not Shakspeare, but a play of Goldsmith's: 'She stoops to Conquer.' It is—"

"Why, where did you pick up that?" he interrupted. "I did not know the book was about."

"I saw it lying in the window seat near the east wing, and dipped into it. After that, I could not lay it down again—although it was not in the list of books you gave me."

"You thought you would enjoy the mischief first, like the children, whether the scolding came afterwards or not."

"Ought I not to have read it?"

"You may read it again if you like. It is an excellent comedy; more entertaining, I fancy, to read than to witness, though. I suppose Mrs. Chandos must have left it there; she may have taken it out of the closed book-case. Did you fall in love with Tony Lumpkin?"

"Not irrevocably. Here comes your horse round, Mr. Chandos."

"My signal for departure. And I believe I am speeding on a useless errand."

"Is it an important one?"

"It is to inquire after a lady to replace Mrs. Freeman as companion to Mrs. Chandos. A friend of my mother's was recommending one strongly some six months ago; but it's ten chances to one her being disengaged still."

A strong impulse came over me to offer myself to supply the place—until I should be called away by Madame de Mellissie. If I could but make myself useful, it would take away the compunction I felt at having been thus thrust upon Chandos. I spoke in the impulse of the moment, blushing and timid as a schoolgirl. Mr. Chandos smiled and shook his head.

"No. It is not a situation that would suit you; or you it."

"But temporarily? until we have news from Madame de Mellissie. I should like to repay a tithe of the obligation I am under to Lady Chandos."

"A great obligation, that! No, it could not be; we should have you and Mrs. Chandos running into the shrubberies after sleep-walkers and ghosts, as it seems you did last night. Besides," he added, taking up his gloves and riding whip, "if you became Mrs. Chandos's companion, what should I do for mine?"

He nodded to me after he got on his horse, laughed, and rode away at a brisk canter, followed by his groom. Hill came in almost directly.

"Is Mr. Chandos gone, do you know, miss?"

"He has just gone."

"There! And my lady wanted him to call somewhere else. I suppose a note must be posted."

"Stay an instant, Mrs. Hill," I interposed as she was leaving the parlor. "There's a new companion wanted, is there not, for Mrs. Chandos?"

"Of course there is. What of it?"

"Can I see Lady Chandos?"

"Now, miss, you listen; we have had that discussion once before, and we don't want it gone over again. So long as my lady keeps her rooms, neither you nor anybody else can be admitted to her; you wouldn't be if you paid for it in gold; and I'm much surprised that a young lady, calling herself a lady, should persist in pressing it, in the eyes and teeth of Lady Chandos's wishes."

"Hill, I am not pressing it, I only asked the question. As I cannot see her will you deliver a message for me. If I can be of any use in taking the duties of companion to Mrs. Chandos—"

Hill's countenance stopped my words. I wish you could have seen it—the open mouth, the stare of astonishment.

"*You* take the duties of companion to Mrs. Chandos!" uttered she, at length. "Bless the child! you little know what you ask for."

"But will you mention it to Lady Chandos?"

No answer. She cast a glance of pity on my ignorance or presumption, whichever she may have deemed it, and flounced out of the room.

There came a ring at the house bell in the course of the afternoon, which one of the footmen answered.

"Is Lady Chandos at home?" was the applicant's demand, in a lady like and firm voice.

"Her ladyship is at home, ma'am," answered Joseph, "but she does not receive visitors."

"I wish to see her."

"She is ill, ma'am; not able to see any one."

"She would admit me. My business is of importance. Were you to refuse me admission, Lady Chandos might not pardon it."

"I'll call Mrs. Hill, ma'am, and you can speak to her," returned Joseph, "but I am certain you can't be admitted to my lady."

She was ushered by Joseph into the oak parlor. A good-looking woman, with her veil down, dressed in a soft black silk, and handsome shawl. She did not raise her veil, but bowed to me.

"I presume that I have the honor of speaking to a Miss Chandos?"

"I am not Miss Chandos. Be so kind as take a seat."

"I grieve to hear that Lady Chandos is ill. Is she so ill that she cannot see me? one pays no attention to what is said by servants."

What I should have answered I scarcely know, and was relieved by the entrance of Hill. The visitor rose.

"I have come here, some distance, to have an interview with Lady Chandos. I hear she is indisposed; but not, I trust, too much so to grant it to me."

"I'm sorry you should have taken the trouble," bluntly returned Hill, who was in one of her ungracious moods. "My lady cannot see any one."

"My business with her is of importance."

"I can't help that. If the Queen of England came, Lady Chandos would not receive her."

"To whom am I speaking?—if I may inquire," resumed the lady.

"I am Mrs. Hill. The many years confidential attendant of Lady Chandos."

"You share her entire confidence?"

"Here entire confidence. Anything you may have to say to her ladyship, you can, if you please, charge me with it, be it of ever so secret a nature. I do not urge or covet it," Hill hastily added; "I only mention it because it is impossible that you can see Lady Chandos."

"Mrs. Chandos requires a companion, I have heard."

"What of that?" returned Hill.

"I am come to offer myself for the appointment; I flatter myself I shall be found eligible."

"Hill looked surprised, and I felt so. Only a candidate for the vacant place!—after all that circumlocution!

"Why on earth couldn't you have said at first what you wanted?" uttered Hill, sans ceremonie, in her exasperation. "I don't think you'll suit."

"Why not?"

"In the first place, we are after one.—Mr. Chandes is gone to inquire for her now."

A flush, and a shade of disappointment, immediately hid under a smile, appeared on the lady's face.

"Mr. Chandos may not engage her," she said.

"That's true enough. Yet she would have suited well; for she is not a stranger to the Chandos family."

"Neither am I," quietly replied the applicant. "My name is Penn—Mrs. Penn."

"Penn? Penn?" repeated Hill, revolving the information. "I don't recognize the name; I remember none bearing it; known to us."

"Neither would Lady Chandos recognize it, for personally I am unknown to her.—When I said I was no stranger to the Chandos family, I meant that I was not strange to certain unpleasant events connected with it. That dreadful misfortune—"

"It's not a thing to be talked of openly, in the light of day," shrieked out Hill, throwing up her hands to stop the words. "Have you not more discretion than that? Very fit, you'd be, as companion to young Mrs. Chandos!"

"Do not alarm yourself for nothing," coolly rejoined Mrs. Penn. "I was not going to talk of it, beyond the barest allusion: and the whole world knows that the Chandos family are not as others. I was about to observe that I am acquainted with everything; all the details; and therefore I should be more eligible than some, to reside at Chandos."

"How did you learn them?"

"Lady Chandos had an intimate friend—Mrs. Sackville, who is now dead. I was at Mrs. Sackville's, and heard all from her. Perhaps Lady Chandos may deem it worth while to see me, if you tell her this."

"How can she see you, when she's confined to her bed?" irritably responded Hill, who appeared fully bent upon admitting none to the presence of Lady Chandos: nay, the very mention of it excited her to anger. "I will go and speak to her, and inform her of what you say."

"Tell her also, while you are about it, that should she approve of me, and admit me to her family, she will find a faithful friend; one in whom she may confide and trust."

"Shall I leave the room?" I whispered to Hill when she returned.

"There's no need for it." So down I sat again.

"Would you be so obliging as to put your veil up?" continued Hill, to the stranger.

The veil—a thick one—was raised in compliance, and the lineaments of the face fell on my memory like a flash of lightning.—They seemed so familiar—as Mr. Chandos's had done; but, like his, they puzzled me, for I could not remember where I had seen them.

"My lady desired me to look at your features, and report to her, for I am a judge of countenances," unceremoniously pursued Hill. "It is possible, she allows, that Mr. Chandos may not find the person he is gone in search of: but she wishes to know how you came to be aware that a lady was required at Chandos."

"I heard it accidentally mentioned. A group of people were talking in a shop where I was this morning, at Marden, and one spoke of it to the other—that Mrs. Chandos's companion was ill, and a substitute was sought for."

"Very strange—for I am positive it has not been mentioned from the house," cried Hill, attentively surveying Mrs. Penn.

"I heard it, as I tell you; and the words arrested my attention, being in search of a similar situation for myself. So I took the train and came over."

"Well, my lady desires me to say that she cannot entertain your application until she hears the result of Mr. Chandos's journey.—But you may leave your address and references: and should her ladyship think further of it, she will first apply to those references, and then appoint an interview here."

"In the event of being engaged, I presume I should be wanted immediately?"

"Without any delay at all, after things are proved satisfactory."

"I have lived with but three ladies; and two are dead. The third is at present at Marden, and will speak personally for me."

Hill noted down the addresses given, and the stranger departed, first talking with Hill in an under tone in the portico. I watched her from the door, watched her eagerly: as if I could recall, looking at her back, what I had not been able to do looking at her face.

The dusk of evening drew on, and the dinner waited, and Mr. Chandos did not come. Hickens inquired whether I would sit down without him. No, I did not care to do that, and I stepped out of the hall door and strolled down the carriage path. It was not so pleasant an evening as the previous one: clouds chased each other across the sky, the air was cold, and the wind was sighing and moaning in the trees.

There broke upon my ear the footsteps of a horse. I did not care that its master should see me walking there, and turned to gain the house. But—what sort of a speed was it coming at? why should he be riding in that break-neck fashion? little chance, in truth, that I could outstrip that. So I went into hiding amidst the trees, and in another moment there tore furiously by Mr. Chandos's horse covered with foam, without its rider, the bridle trailing after it on the ground.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WOMAN IN GRAY.

Away tore I in the opposite direction. Mr. Chandos must have met with an accident, and might be lying in desperate need. Where could it have happened? and where was his groom who had rode out in attendance upon him? I soon saw a dark object in the distance, lying in the midst of the road, nearly as far as the entrance gates. It was Mr. Chandos, and he was trying to raise himself.

"Are you hurt?" I asked, leaning over him.

"Some trifling damage, I suppose. How came you here, Miss Hereford?"

"I met the horse, and ran to see what the accident might be. How did it happen?"

"I was riding fast, being late, and in passing this spot, some—I should say 'devil' to any one but a young lady—darted out of those trees there, and threw up its hands with a noise, right in front of my horse to startle it. The animal reared bolt upright, bounded forward, and I lost my seat. I had deemed myself a first-rate horseman before to-night: but I was sitting carelessly."

"Was it a man?"

"To the best of my belief it was a woman. The night is dusk, and I observed less than I might have done in a more collected moment. It was a something in a gray cloak, with a shrill voice. I wonder if you could help me up?"

"I will do my best."

I stooped, and he placed his hands upon me, and raised himself. But it appeared that he could not walk, and, but for holding on to me, he would have fallen.

"I believe you must lay me on the ground again, and go and send assistance, Miss Hereford. Stay: who's this?"

It was one of the servants, Lizzie, who had been on an errand to the village. She called out with astonishment and dismay when she comprehended the helpless position of Mr. Chandos.

"Now, don't lose your wits, Lizzie, but see what you can do to help me," he cried. "With you on one side, and Miss Hereford on the other, perhaps I may make a hobble of it."

The woman put her basket down, concealing it between the trees, and Mr. Chandos laid his hand upon her shoulder, I helping him on the other side. She was full of questions, calling the horse all sorts of treacherous names, in her concern. Mr. Chandos said the horse was not to blame, and gave her the explanation that he had given me.

"Master, I'll lay a hundred guineas to one that it was one of them gipsy jades!" she exclaimed. "There's a lot of them 'camped on the common."

"I'll gipsy them, if it was," he answered. "Miss Hereford, I am sorry to lean upon you so heavily. The order of things is being reversed. Instead of the knight supporting the lady, the lady is bearing nearly the whole weight of the knight."

"Not the whole on it," put in Lizzy, "for I have got my share of the weight, too. But never mind, master: if it was ten times as much I'd get you along somehow. Don't I wish I had them gipsy wretches under my thumb now, and could give 'em what I'd like!"

"Where was your groom, sir?" I inquired. "He went abroad with you."

"Yes, but I dispatched him on an errand, and rode back alone."

"Should you know the woman again, sir?" resumed Lizzy.

"I think I should know her scream. It was shrill as a seagull's. Her head was enveloped in some covering, concealing her face: probably the hood of the gray cloak."

"Who's to know that it was not a man?" next cried Lizzy.

"If so, he wore petticoats," said Mr. Chandos. "A seat at last!" he added, as we approached one. "I will remain here whilst you go and send two of the men."

"Can't we get you on further, sir?" said Lizzy.

"No. I have taxed your strength too much in this short distance. And my own also, through endeavoring to ease my weight to you."

In point of fact, the weight had been great, for the one foot seemed quite powerless. He sat down on the bench, his brow white and moist with pain, and motioned to us to go on. "I think they had better bring my mother's garden chair," he said.

"I'll run and send it," cried Lizzy; "miss had better stop with you, sir."

"What for?" asked Mr. Chandos.

"Look you here, master. That woman, whoever she might have been, was trying to do you an injury; to cause you to lose your life, I should say; and the chances are that she's concealed somewhere about here still. Look at the opportunities for hiding there is! why, a whole regiment of gipsies and murderers and thieves might be skulking amid them trees, and us none the wiser till they came out upon us with guns and knives. That woman may be watching to come out upon you, sir, if she can catch you by yourself."

Mr. Chandos laughed, but Lizzy seemed in anything but a laughing mood. "I will stay with you, sir," I said, and sat down resolutely on the bench—Lizzy going off with a nod.

"Now, Miss Hereford, you and I have got an account to settle," he began, as her footsteps died away in the distance. "Why am I 'sir' again?"

"That girl, Lizzy, was present," I answered, giving him the truth. I had not liked that she should see me familiar with him; or, as it were, putting myself on a level with Mr. Chandos; she might have commented upon it in the household; but this I did not say. Mr. Chandos looked keenly at me.

"Never mind who is present; I am not 'sir' to you. And now," he continued, taking my hand, "how am I to thank you?"

"For what?"

"For coming and looking for me. I might have lain till morning inhaling the benefit of the night dews; or until that grey witch had 'come out again with a gun' and finished me."

The last words, a repetition of Lizzy's, were uttered in joke. I laughed.

"You would soon have been found, had I not come to you. Lizzy was not many moments after me."

"See how you destroy my romance, Miss Hereford. I wish there was a probability that the woman was gone into hiding in the groves of Chandos; I would soon have her hunted out of them."

"Whom do you suppose it was?"

"I am at a loss for any supposition on the point."

"Is there any one whom you have cause to think regards you with ill will?"

"Not that I am aware of. I am unconscious of having given offence to any person or persons."

"Do you think you are much injured?"

"There are worse misfortunes in hospitals than the injury to my foot. I believe it to be nothing but a common sprain, although it has disabled me. The pain—"

"That's great, I am sure."

"Pretty well. I should not like you to experience it."

That it was more than pretty well I saw, for the drops were coursing down his face. The men soon came up with the garden chair, and Mr. Chandos sent me on.

He was laid on the sofa in the oak parlor, and Hill examined the foot and housed it up, but one of the grooms had been dispatched for a medical man. Dinner was taken in a scrambling sort of way, but by tea time things were comfortable. The doctor had pronounced it to be but a sprain, and Mr. Chandos was quietly reading, the lamp at his elbow.—From his conversation with Hill, I gathered that the lady whom he had been inquiring after, was engaged, and could not come to Chandos.

"It's just as I thought, and so I told my lady," said Hill. "A desirable person, like that, was not likely to remain long on her own hands. But we have had another here, Mr. Harry."

"Another! How could you have another? Who knew that one was wanted?"

"There's the odd part of the business," returned Hill. "She said she heard it mentioned this morning in a shop at Marden.

"Is it any one likely to suit?"

"My lady thinks so, now that I have informed her of the result of your journey: she wouldn't listen at all to it before. It's a Mrs. Penn: and, Mr. Harry,"—dropping her voice—"she knows all about that secret trouble."

Mr. Chandos laid down his book and looked at her.

"Every unhappy syllable of it, sir, more than my lady knows herself," continued Hill. "When I went out with her to the door, she mentioned one or two points which I am sure we had never known, and she said she could tell my lady more than that."

"Most extraordinary!" uttered Mr. Chandos. "Who is she? Where did she hear it?"

"From Mrs. Sackville. You must remember her, sir? Mrs. Penn was companion to her at the time."

"This comes of my mother's having made a confidant of Mrs. Sackville!" he uttered. "I always thought Mrs. Sackville a chattering woman. But it does not account for this Mrs. Penn's knowing the particulars that my mother does not," he added, after a pause.—"I shall be curious to see Mrs. Penn."

"My lady is bent upon engaging her, should her references suit, so you will have the opportunity shortly, sir. I put the question to Mrs. Penn—where could Mrs. Sackville have learnt these details, and she said, from Sir Thomas himself. So I conclude that he told her what he spared my lady.

Mr. Chandos shook his head with a proud, repellant air.

"I don't believe it, Hill. However Mrs. Sackville may have learnt it, rely upon it it was not from Sir Thomas. Hill, who sleeps to-night in Mrs. Chandos's rooms?"

"I do, sir, of course. There's no one else we could put there."

"But if my mother should require you in the night?"

"My lady has talked it over with me, sir, and of the two evils, my leaving her alone will be the least. Misfortunes never come singly, but Mrs. Freeman could not have fallen ill at a worse time."

"And now I am disabled!"

"Oh, well, sir, let's hope for the best. When troubles come, the only plan is to look them steadily in the face, and meet them bravely."

"Bravely, ay!" sighed Mr. Chandos. "That may be done in any house but ours."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR NATIVE LAND. This poem had better be published with the music, if the latter is fine. Some music publisher would be the right one to bring it out.

THE MAIN ARMY.

The advance of the main portion of the U. S. Army into Virginia having at length taken place, the strength of the rebel forces will soon be tested. Judging from the indications at the time we write this article, the position of General Beauregard at Manassas Junction will be vigorously defended. If it be necessary for him, however, to retreat in order to prevent the cutting off of his communications with Richmond, which doubtless will be attempted by one of the columns of advance, we infer from his previous action that he will do so. In other words, we do not think that everything will be risked for the defence of his present position, strong as he may have made it.

The result of the action at Bull's Run was indecisive. Our troops retired, but, as they were not followed by the enemy, we may infer that it was a repulse, and not a defeat. At the last accounts the rebels were strengthening their position, and the Union forces preparing for a more effective attack.

The results of a few weeks now will probably determine the chances of the rebel government to a brief or a protracted existence. If the Union forces should succeed in defeating and dispersing the present array under Beauregard, it is not probable that they will be able to gather again in anything like equal numbers—the back of the rebellion will be broken, and its fate will be perceived of all men. Even should the rebels be able to retire in tolerable order into the Cotton States, their cause will be considered lost by the world. That one of these two results will ensue, we have very little doubt—and still nothing is proverbially more uncertain than a battle, though the results of war, on the whole, can be foretold with considerable accuracy. Particular engagements may be doubtful, but in the long run a superiority in men, money, and *morale* is sure to tell. If the Almighty generally is, as Napoleon said, on the side of "the heaviest artillery," it is because the "heaviest artillery" is generally on the side of the highest civilization, and thus on the side of the Almighty.

In Northern Virginia Gen. Patterson, instead of moving directly on Winchester, moved to Charlestown. It is rumored that Gen. Johnston is endeavoring to unite with Beauregard, and a column under General Schenck has been moved forward from the main army to prevent it. Gen. Patterson, one would think, should be close on Johnston's rear, and thus expose him to two fires. Patterson we judge to be a safe and very prudent general—but not a man of genius, as McClellan gives indication of being. He will err, if we are not mistaken, rather on the side of prudence than that of rashness, and fight only when tolerably sure of success. One good thing he has recently done, occupied Harper's Ferry, rebuilt the bridge at that place, and reopened the railroad and canal communications with Baltimore and Washington. Slow and Sure, we take to be Patterson's motto—and it is not a bad one; though Rapid and Sure is better. There is all the difference in the two, however, between Talent and Genius.

Gen. Patterson, however, may be a more gifted commander than we have given him credit for being—we by no means pretend to be infallible in our judgment. His occupation of Charlestown blocks any rebel project of moving on Maryland or Baltimore, wild and desperate as such a plan would appear to be. He may also have had other reasons for the movement which do not appear on the surface.

Of General McClellan's recent movements we know at present very little. The defeat of Garnett's army must leave him tolerably free to take his own course. Whether he is crossing the Alleghany range to get in the rear of General Johnston,—or is making his way towards Staunton, on the direct route to Richmond,—or is moving against Generals Wise and Floyd in Western and South-Western Virginia, at present we know not. Doubtless we shall hear from him before many days—and learn that he is doing the right thing at the right time.

On the whole, things so far have gone well. Occasional reverses matter but little, so long as the great ends of a campaign are not emperilled. Let us hope, for the good of all, that the war may be both short and decisive.

—Since writing the above we have the news from Washington, that Major General Banks has been transferred to the command of the Department of Virginia, in place of Gen. Patterson—the term of the latter being about to expire.

NEEDLESS LAWS.

A bill "to prevent amalgamation of the different races of men" has lately been passed by the California Legislature. The bill makes it a penal offence for any white person to intermarry with any "colored person," whether of the African or Asiatic races.

Such laws seem to us very foolish. We should think the California legislators might safely leave such matters to the tastes and instincts of their white and Chinese constituents. It has rather a bad look, for white men to say that their own race need laws to prevent them from marrying "colored persons." And as to penalties, we should think the offence carried quite sufficient penalty with it. No great harm could arise to the community unless the offence became general, and we have too high an opinion of our California friends to think there is any danger of such a taste spreading to that extent. The law in question will probably have no effect whatever—only so far as it forces those into illegal connections, who otherwise might at least marry, and live comparatively reputably.

We do wish that legislators would remember that it does not necessarily follow because a thing is wrong or unwise, that governments should interfere to punish or prevent it. It may be wrong for a man not to go regularly to church on Sundays, or to eat food that disagrees with him, or to marry a wife old enough to be his grandmother, or to drink strong drink, or not to attend to his business, or to be unkind to his wife, or to be disrespectful to his parents, or to go to the theatre and opera, or to do, or leave undone, half a hundred other things,—but this is no reason why his fellow men should interfere by legal penalties to punish him for so doing or not doing. Let men influence each other for good as much as they can by appeals to the reason and conscience, but do not let the majority invoke the force of law to compel their neighbors to do what they think right, only so far as it is absolutely necessary for the safety and welfare of the community. The essence of freedom is in the reasonable exercise of that right to the "pursuit of happiness" which the Declaration of Independence speaks of as an "inalienable right," and classes with the right to Life itself.

UNHAPPY VIRGINIA.

A letter from Vienna, Virginia, in the *Washington Star*, says:—

> We suffered more than death from the outrages and villanies of the secessionists, and it seems that we are to suffer even more outrages and cruelties at the hands of uncontrolled volunteers, professing to be our friends, than those we lately suffered at the hands of our late persecutors. If Gen. McDowell and his subordinate commanders do not put a stop to such things, they will utterly destroy all that is left of Union sentiment in this part of Virginia.

Gen. McDowell has issued a stringent order upon this subject, and will doubtless do all he can, but it is impossible entirely to prevent such outrages in time of war and during active hostilities. For instance, a company of secession troops shelter themselves in a dwelling and its outhouses; an attempt is made to dislodge them. In that attempt the buildings may be accidentally fired, especially if of wood—or the assailants may fire them purposely, for the sake of driving out the enemy. In this way, great suffering to non-combatants necessarily results from war.

We feel for Virginia—but we cannot forget that Virginia made her deliberate choice in this matter. She, the petted state of the Union, rose against the government which had showered offices and emoluments upon her sons, knowing that by doing so she made her soil the first arena of warfare. Ah, for many a year will be seen in her soil the deep scars where "first the foot of battle stepped" in the great contest for the Union.

But in the name of all that is Christian and merciful in war, let the fierce and reckless spirits which are found in every army be restrained as far as possible in the work of needless devastation. Full warning having been given by the commanding officers, let offenders be promptly and sternly dealt with. Dwellings must not ruthlessly be given to the torch—the sanctity of womanhood and of home must be respected. It is Duty—it is Policy. Our armies owe it to their character as Christians and Republicans and Americans—they owe it to the love which they feel for their own homes, their own wives and sisters and children. It is Policy—because it makes friends instead of enemies in whole districts of country. Let the people of the South see that they will suffer less from the presence of forces that have been deemed hostile, than from those who term themselves their friends. Let our Northern soldiery prove by their general good behaviour the falsity of the charges made in the proclamations of the rebel Generals, and which have been circulated widely all through the South.

NOT PARTICULARLY FRIENDLY.

We saw nothing unfriendly, as our readers are aware, in the reinforcement sent by the British Government to Canada, but we must confess that the recent instructions of the British Admiral on the North American station, do not seem to us particularly friendly. Admiral Milne thus lays down the law of blockade to the officers under his command:—

> 1. No port is blockaded efficiently if any vessel can enter or depart from it unknown to, or in spite of the guardian men-of-war.
>
> 2. An efficient blockade necessitates the complete cutting off of all maritime ingress or egress, except in regard to harbor islands, having no outlets to the sea, save under the guns of the fleet.
>
> 3. The escape of the third vessel from the blockading squadron signalizes the invalidity of the blockade.

The *London Times* stated several months ago, that as it had always been the *interest* of England to construe the rights of neutrals rigidly, she had always done so—but that henceforward, as English interests were now reversed, she would have to favor a different construction of international law. The *Times* actually said this, in just about as many words, and did not seem to feel that even the counterfeit of a blush was necessary on its brazen countenance.

Now the good Admiral Milne, if we are not mistaken, has taken a lesson out of the *Times's* book, and is disposed to construe the rights of blockading squadrons with the utmost strictness. To say the least, it does not evince a *particularly* friendly disposition on the part of one occupying at this time a very important command.

That a blockade should be an efficient one—and not a mere paper blockade, such as France and Great Britain once mutually attempted to establish against each other—has always been, and continues to be, the doctrine of the United States. But to attempt to construe this doctrine as rigidly as the above instructions do, and in a case like the present, denotes to our mind the presence of a feeling, "neutral" even to the extent of the most perfect indifference, if not to the point of rather desiring to find material for a quarrel.

SECESSION VICTORIES.

We find by reading the various extracts from the Southern press which are floating about in our own papers, that in the numerous skirmishes and engagements that have occurred, the Northern troops almost invariably act like poltroons and are forced to fly with a heavy loss—"nobody" on the secession side, as at Fort Sumter, "being hurt."

This is a singular fact, especially as taken in connection with another—that these victorious and heroic secession armies are admitted to be constantly retreating; though always for great strategical reasons. Such fellows for strategy were surely never heard of. And it is always backwards, too! Though they never retreat, they either "retire," or "push boldly into" the *rear*—followed of course by the "cowardly foe."

We wonder whether the readers of these Southern papers are gullible enough to swallow all their inconsistent accounts? If they are, when they see the Northern armies marching down into their midst, after some famous secession "victory," they will be tempted to cry out with a great general of old, "one more *such* victory, and we are undone."

NO FOURTH OF JULY.

Quite an effort was made in the rebel states by certain political managers, to keep up the usual celebration of the Declaration of American Independence. But the popular heart, with all its perverseness, seems to have been too honest for such an attempt at self-deception. A Richmond correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* says:—

> A languid effort was made in Richmond, this morning, to celebrate the Fourth of July. A few local military companies marched to Capitol Square, fired a few rounds, and then marched back again. But the demonstration excited no visible enthusiasm, and people seemed relieved of—shall I say a *bore?*—when the thing celebrated subsided into blank nihility. It was evident that the day had lost, for the time at least, its old odor of sanctity. The Southern mind is somewhat perplexed by a confusion of ideas when contemplating its origin and its associations. We revolt against anything that the Yankees have had a partnership in, or which they claim as peculiarly their own, and we cannot well separate the Fourth of July from Yankee Doodle, the Stars and Stripes and the repudiated Union.

At Manassas Junction, it was the same. The correspondent at that place of the *Charleston Mercury*, says:—

> As might have been anticipated, the "Glorious Fourth," as it is called, inspires, among assembled thousands here, no very elevated feeling of enthusiasm. The principles of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are born free and equal, and have an inalienable right to liberty, are not responded to by the men who fight for the institution of domestic slavery, and, in falling almost immediately under the dominion of the North, they scarcely realize that they achieved much to rejoice at in emancipation from Great Britain.

In other places there were forced celebrations—honest, no doubt, in proportion to the number of Union men in the vicinity. But the huzzas of the Secessionists, like the amen of the false Macbeth, stuck in their throats. They felt in their inmost souls that the Fourth of July, Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, the Stars and Stripes, and the Union, all go together—and that they could not consistently accept one and ignore the rest. No, Secession has no venerable ancestry, no glorious history, no high, heroic days. In seceding from the Union, all these are left behind. In the past its eyes have nothing to rest on but the unhonored grave of Arnold—and in the future, what its chieftains take to be baronial castles, are simply so many massive penitentiaries.

THE RIGHT RING.

The American edition of "Tom Brown at Oxford," just issued, is dedicated to James Russell Lowell, of Boston. In the dedication to the American poet and professor, the author says:—

> My dear friend, you cannot know how deeply all that is soundest and noblest in England is sympathizing with you in your great struggle. You must not judge by newspapers or magazines, though so far as I can see, the best of them are speaking decidedly on the right side. Not so warmly or decidedly as I could wish; for this our free-trade notions and some hasty and inconsiderate speaking and writing on your side will account. But be sure that the issues are appreciated here, and while we see the awfulness of the task you have in hand, we have faith in you, we believe that if it can be done you will do it, and we wish you, from the bottom of our hearts, God speed!
>
> The great tasks of the world are only laid on the strongest shoulders. We, who have India to guide and train, who have for our task the educating her wretched people into free men, who feel that the work cannot be shifted from ourselves, and must be done as God would have it done, at the peril of England's own life, can and do feel for you. But as we hope to get through with our own work, as we would ask no meaner work for ourselves, so we rejoice that you, our brethren, have shaken yourselves up to your work, and have put your hands to it in such grim earnest as assures us that the old blood is still the same, despite all difference of latitude and longitude.
>
> And so, with firm faith that your country will quit herself as England's sister should in this fiery trial time, and with all good wishes to you and yours, believe me ever gratefully and most truly yours, THOMAS HUGHES.

There is the right ring about that—it is just the kind of talk we all expected to hear from England. Perhaps we have been a little too impatient, forgetful that the great heart of a people is always slow to utter itself—and that the feelings of a governing class are not always the feelings of those whom they nominally represent.

SCOTT AND GREELEY.

One of the best things we have seen lately was a picture in *Vanity Fair* of a somewhat awkward looking country boy (Horace Greeley) teaching his uncle (General Scott) "how to suck eggs." The eggs were labelled Fairfax, Manassas Junction, Richmond, &c., and the uncle was looking on at the rather clumsy doings of his wise nephew with a considerable degree of astonishment. Apropos to this subject, the following is well said:—

> THE GRACES OF SILENCE AND PATIENCE.—A correspondent of the Boston Watchman and Reflector writes as follows:—"The Lord be praised for endowing one man in this fast, bustling age with the graces of silence and patience. Even the Homeric Jove is not more sublime than Gen. Scott at this hour, calmly gathering his thunderbolts. Said a gentleman to him the other day—'General, the people are impatient for results.' 'Yes, sir, I know it,' he replied; 'but they expect successful results. War is my profession; I have made it the study of a life, and am now too old to learn. War, sir, requires money, men, time, and *patience*; and,' with emphasis, 'President Lincoln has assured me that *I shall have all these.*' Then, more playfully, he continued, 'to march an army and then retreat, consumes shoe leather, and that, for the body of men under my charge, is an important consideration.'"

A GENTLEMAN in England having been killed on a railway, his widow brought a suit against the company. The jury awarded $65,000 damages.

Will not some English correspondent give us the name of that railway—a number of us Yankees, in these hard times, have a notion of crossing the water, and being killed on it.

WASHINGTON, *July* 17.—It is well understood here that the final order for the march of the Federal army towards Richmond did not meet with the cordial approval of Gen. Scott, who entertained the opinion and belief that the troops were not in the thorough condition necessary for the emergency that might arise. In another week, or fortnight at least, all would have been ready, but the orders from the President were imperative, and were therefore obeyed. We may now look for some stirring news.

We wonder if the above is true. As to the matter of preparation, our troops probably are fully as well prepared as the enemy—and the nation was growing very impatient at the apparently needless inaction of the main army. In Missouri there was admirable vigor; in Northern and Western Virginia there were bold and successful movements—but at Washington and Fortress Monroe, there seemed to be a torpidity that could not be accounted for. Still, it is a necessary thing to have faith—and not to hurry those who have the responsibility, and are completely informed as to the position of affairs, into premature movements. For our own part, we believe that the success of Gen. McClellan in Western Virginia had brought matters to the desired head—and that the movement on the rebel centre was only earlier than Gen. Scott had expected, because McClellan's work west of the mountains had been performed more rapidly and effectually than the commanding General had anticipated. The truth of this matter probably we shall have laid before us in the President's next annual message.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE.—Judging by an article in the *Richmond Whig*, the only object of the recent letter from Jeff. Davis to the President, was to menace retaliation in case of the execution of the pirates taken on the Savannah. The *Whig* says that Col. Taylor, the bearer of the letter, was requested by Gen. Scott to deliver his "kind regards" to Generals Lee and Beauregard. It is not probable that Gen. Scott sent any such message—improper as such a message to men in arms against their government would be.

A CONUNDRUM.—Why are the public schools for young children always well ventilated? Because they are primary schools. The boy that makes a better conundrum than that may go up to the head of his class. We wish though that all the primary schools were prime-airy ones.

THE FLOWER GARDEN

On which I look out from the Windows of my Castle in the Air.

JUNE.

It is a question whether air-castles and their surroundings do not give as much pleasure as any realizing of them which is possible in this imperfect world. Now it is a very small portion of the illimitable floral wealth with which the Creator has decked the earth, that can ever come within the range of my culturing hand, but in this airy field how bravely they all bloom out "without money and without price!" It needs but a word of introduction from florist or traveller to bring the beautiful stranger over land and sea to these my private grounds; and there it remains, in its morning freshness, as much at home as if a troop of gardeners labored for my pleasure. How well I remember in childhood finding among an old pile of books in the garret a catalogue of ornamental trees and flowers—a treasure of startling richness! As my eye roved devouringly over its pages, the dim garret contained me no longer, but instead a gorgeous temple of Nature, alive with all the stately and graceful and lovely forms that the earth sends up from her teeming bosom. Beauty and fragrance lapped my spirit into Elysium. In one of Henry Ward Beecher's horticultural articles he speaks of just such a rapture of Eden visions from the mere reading of a catalogue. The love of natural beauty in this intense degree is the open Sesame to a rich world of enjoyment—one to which gold wins no admission. Money may create an earthly paradise, but the real ownership is with the eye that sees, the sense that enjoys. The lordly possessor of Chatsworth, the most magnificent country seat in the world, may or may not find pleasure in his wide domain, enriched with every embellishment of nature and art. Probably he does, but I boldly question if it is equal to that of Miss Mitford among her pet geraniums. Imagine that sweet little English garden, crowded full to every nook and corner with the brilliant tribe of Pelargoniums, blooming their brightest under her loving tendance! I have often thought that Thompson and other poets of his day, who were free to wander in the pleasure grounds of their noble patrons, were the more privileged owners of the two—receivers of the choicest good, unalloyed by the cares inseparable from the actual possession of anything in this world. The hived honey of their joy in nature has all its primal sweetness for us to this day. Thompson's "Morning Walk," fragrant with the breath, and glittering with the dew of the hour will refresh and delight as long as English words are read.

June is the pet month of the year—the month of Roses, and of a train worthy such a queen. It seems to be a natural impulse to turn away from a universally acknowledged beauty to one that is somehow your own peculiar possession. Thus I have a warmer feeling for the Lily than the Rose—the white Lily, for any other color alters its character. The form of the flower expresses modesty; its pure petals always folded shelteringly around the deep heart, that nestles down, apart and sacred; never, like a full-blown rose, exposing all its charms. I was about to say that the soul of the Lily goes forth generously into the freer air; but of that I am not sure—perhaps its fragrance too is reserved as a private individual gift for the lover who gazes into its heart. Among the sweetest love poems in the English language, the best part of whose sweetness is their truth, occurs a verse which is inseparably linked in my mind with this fairest flower of June.

"A lily thou wast when I saw thee first—
A lily-bud; but, oh, how strange,
How full of wonder was the change,
When, ripe with all sweetness, thy full bloom burst!
How did the tears to my glad eyes start,
When the woman flower
Reached its blossoming hour,
And I saw the warm deeps of thy golden heart."

Lord Bacon says those flowers should specially be chosen for a garden "which does best perfume the air." June is rich in this favored class. The Carnation, in that magnificent perfection which commends it to the florist's eye, and the common garden Pink, equally possess this greatest charm. One of my childish exploits was raising a quantity of pinks from seed. It was an unexpected success, for my enthusiasm went far beyond my knowledge, and I had not dreamed it was so easy. This flower, as cultivators know, comes up one year, and blooms in perfection the next. That year my small garden over-flowed with pinks—masses of color, from white through every shade of red to deepest scarlet and crimson. But that was not the best of it—the richest hues I might have forgotten—the fragrance, never! That spicy sweetness floating all across the lawn will last as long as life; and with it the memory of those early days when whatever is a passion is enjoyed with an intensity only possible in childhood. Yet the professed florist would laugh at the idea that my treasures had any value. Single Pinks! only fit to be plucked up by the roots and cast out upon the highway. Those who make a business of raising flowers are apt to grasp the shadow and lose the substance. They take infinite pains and years of culture to bring a flower to some required standard of form and color, which after all is less charming than the original blossom. They are Marthas, careful and troubled about many things, while those who enjoy flowers in their natural simplicity have chosen the good part which shall not be taken from them.

Of all the odorous flowers of June, that which freights the air most richly is the Sweet Honeysuckle. It is to my fancy the peculiar breath of June. By the wonderful power of association, it sweeps back through the years the flood-tide of my life and the summer of long ago, which was the prime of all earthly things. The Rose, the Heliotrope, the Sweet Pea, the Jasmine, grouped with some nameless splendors of summer, all carefully chosen as the choicest of gifts, make part of the vision that shines out clearly through the mists of time when the scent of the Sweet Honeysuckle greets me in the garden walk. Many have felt and spoken of this subtle life of perfumes. Beauty passes, but Fragrance clings to the soul.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SILAS MARNER; THE WEAVER OF RAVELOE. By the author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," &c. New York, Harper & Brothers. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Nothing but the present unsettled state of public affairs can account for the fact that a new book by the author of Adam Bede has made its appearance and been received by the reading public almost without interest or comment. Literature is enduring a depression and collapse equal to that which has befallen other branches of manufacture.

Carried on, as we are, in the terrible and tumultuous course of events that are developing themselves day by day, watching the mighty drama that is unfolding itself almost without active shaping agency of ours, we have little time left from these pressing outward interests to delight ourselves with poetic beauty, with skillfully evolved fiction, or even with the deeper problems that concern the workings of the inner life.

"When Israel's saved, we say, let Miriam sing;
Till then—where's Moses?"

Yet this history of Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe, is not a book to be put aside as mere holyday pastime. Like the preceding works of the same author it grapples with the deepest mysteries of life, and traces motive, action, and consequence with a curious subtlety that often pierces one's self-consciousness like a startling probe. The simple and monotonous life of the poor weaver—beggared of hope and faith by a cruel blight, making an idol of his hard earned gold in the absence of all other objects of earthly interest, and becoming a miser through the very force of the strong affections that must find some outlet—is far enough removed in incident from ordinary experience; and yet it intersects the life of every one by its development of the one grand truth; evil does and must exist, yet forever over-ruled for good; inexorable circumstance rolls on in steady course, yet man's life is delivered from blind enslavement to its forces, not through special miraculous interference, yet equally through Divine interposition.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's." p. 194.

One special truth seems so deeply implanted in the author's mind that every one of her works serves as a reiteration of it. The strong words of Adam Bede—"It's well we should feel as life's a reckoning we can't make twice over; there's no real making amends in this world, any more than you can mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right,"—are re-affirmed in this book in the words of Godfrey Cass: "There's debts we can't pay like money debts by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off, and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now,"—and this idea strongly influences the drift of the story.

Whether this terrible dictum is indeed true, whether our sins and short-comings are indeed irreparable by any after repentance or exertion, is a point upon which some may take issue. It is at least worth while for every one to clearly decide it for themselves, for few are so happy in sinlessness as to escape its trial.

The sad minor strain of Silas Marner's story is enlivened by the humor of its pictures of provincial peasant life, a humor whose keenness of delicate flavor, and entire life likeness are not excelled by anything in modern fiction. We do not, indeed, find here a character like the Mrs. Poyser of "Adam Bede," whose lips dropped jewels of epigrammatic wit with every word; in her place we have dear good Dolly Winthrop, whose patient spirit "took her husband's jokes as patiently as everything else, considering that 'men *would* be so,' and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks."

The evening meeting at the rainbow inn is unapproachable in its capital delineation of the characteristics of bucolic life, its placid heaviness, and calm content with the narrow round of ideas and expressions made dear by habit; to which the provincial dialect adds a piquancy of its own. The quarrel between the farrier and butcher is so very pretty a quarrel, and the ground of altercation so remarkable, that it tempts to quotation. The landlord opens the conversation.

"Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?"

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat, and replied, "and they wouldn't be fur wrong John."

After this feeble, delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humored, husky treble—"and a Durham it was."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round him with some triumph; "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she'd a white star on her forehead, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well, yes—she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrairy."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "If *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does, that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will."

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short, myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier, angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before; "and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black; he's no meat o' mine, and none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say, I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'rhaps you aren't pig-headed; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you did'nt say she had a star on her brow—stick to that now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord, "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you; you're both right, and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the rainbow's the rainbow"—a peace-making and unimpeachable argument which restores the harmony of the evening.

We think we do not claim too much for this whole scene by asserting that it is unmatched in literature for perfect fidelity to nature in a case where it is most difficult to guard against exaggeration. It is like a Dutch painting, perfect from the homely village faces to the froth on the beer cans. Let the admirers of Dickens (among whom we beg to be enrolled,) turn to the first chapter of Barnaby Rudge where a similar scene is described—a country inn, and a rural circle listening with respectful delight to a well-known story recounted by one of their number—and he will probably acknowledge that the difference in truthfulness between that scene and this, is like that between a good photograph and a sign-post daub.

And now comes in the great puzzle of the book—the sex of its author. How does this truth, this genial humor, this breadth of treatment, this knowledge of human nature, as distinguished from woman nature, accord with our usual ideas of the "subjective" intellect of woman? Since the authoress has exchanged the *nomme de plume* of George Eliot for the name of Marion Evans, we must either extend our definition of female literature, or take refuge in a well-worn old proverb, and assert that this case is the exception that proves the rule.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY. Among the articles in this number, Philadelphia readers will be pleased to see ones on "Bouvier's Law Dictionary and Institutes." These works are very favorably noticed, and the character of Judge Bouvier deservedly eulogized. For sale by W. B. Zieber, Third St., Philada.

☞ DINNER SCENES.—A friend tells us of a dinner scene which happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray, of Abercairney, had been among the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant, Thomas, was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner. "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon." To which he replied, most emphatically,—"Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we lost a salt-spoon!"

GOOD THINGS.

FROM VANITY FAIR.

KATE.—Why, Carrie, what can you find to laugh at in those horrid war reports.

CARRIE.—Why, only to think my Thomas has been promoted for courage, and you know he fairly wilts when I look at him.

THE SOUTHERN LOAN.—In the utter absence of cash, the Southern loan-hunters are said to be receiving fresh subscriptions in the shape of notes something like the following:—

CHARLESTON, July 5, 1861.

Three months from date, per value expected, and without interest, I promise to pay to the order of Jeff. Davis, if I can raise it, the amount of one bale of cotton, short "staple," provided that meanwhile the said Davis doesn't "bolt."

his
C ✕ PLANTER.
mark.

CONTEMPT OF THE REBELS FOR OUR SOLDIERS.—The moment they see them they turn their backs upon them.

SINGULAR CONFUSION OF SOUTHERN ARMY AND NAVY TERMS.—Fleet of foot soldiers.

THE FILIBUSTER THOMAS.—The gallant Seizer of the steamer St. Nicholas, who, secreted beneath petticoats, captured that vessel, has now been captured in return, in his drawers. The change of costume, we fear, will not be favorable to his longevity, for lady or no lady, it is highly probable Uncle Abe will lead him to the halter.

A WORD TO JEFF. DAVIS.

Rock-a-bye, Jeffy, on the tree top,
Keep up your lies or the rebellion will stop;
When you cease lying the rebellion will fall,
And down come Jeffy, Confederacy and all.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—One of the Richmond editors names the new comet the "Southern Confederacy," for the reasons, we presume, 1st, that it appeared very suddenly; 2d, that it is disappearing very rapidly; and 3d, that it bears about the same relation to the fixed stars that the Southern Confederacy bears to the stars in our national galaxy.

HIT HIM AGAIN!—"So Jeff. Davis calls me a rail-splitter!" murmured old Abe, as he thoughtfully paced his room, and looking angrier than we ever saw him before; "rail-splitter!" he repeated slowly, and clenching his fist, "then I'll teach the traitor that if I used to split my rails, he'll very soon have to cut his stick!"

A NEW "BILLY WILSON."—The Senator from Massachusetts, who has already presented the Senate with six "bills," and has a whole batch more in his pocket.

A RHYME FOR MESSRS. VALLANDIGHAM AND BURNET.

Shut your mouths, and open your eyes
And don't talk to us about Compromise!

THE ONLY "PRINCE" WHO CAN HOPE TO SECURE THE ALLEGIANCE OF THE SOUTH.—The Prince of Darkness.

SCOTT'S GEOGRAPHY.—On the large map which General Scott is continually studying are many points of interest, but the veteran's attention is principally directed to Davis's Straits.

THE LITTLE PRESIDENT.

A NURSERY RHYME FOR THE C. S. A.

There was a little President, as I've heard tell,
And he went to market, bogus bonds for to sell;
He went to market all for the C. S. A.,
And this little fellow was a fool, by the way.

Along came an officer, and his name was Scott,
He sent his soldiery all round about.
He sent his soldiery where he might please,
And the little President was very ill at ease.

He was very ill at ease, and he began to quake,
He began to shiver, and he began to shake;
He began to shake, and he began to cry,
"Is this here Confederacy all in my eye?"

"If it's all in my eye, as I suppose it be,
I've a Cabinet at home, and they like me;
If it's all in my eye, they'll turn very pale,
If not, they will welcome me without any fail."

Home goes the little fellow, quite in the dark,
Up jumps the Cabinet, staring, scared and stark,
They begin to run, and he begins to cry
"This here Confederacy's all in my eye!"

NURSERY RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

Who killed Compromise?
I, said old Abe,
While yet 'twas a babe
I killed Compromise!

Who'll dig its grave?
I will, says Scott,
If I don't I'll be shot,
I'll dig its grave!

Who'll make the prayer?
I, says Ward Beecher,
I am a preacher,
I'll make the prayer!

Who'll be chief mourner?
I will, says Breck,
If I can't save the [illegible]
I'll be chief mourner!

Who'll comfort the friends?
I will, says Chase,
I can keep a long face
I'll comfort the friends!

Who'll pay the dues?
I can't, says Jeff,
I haven't anything left,
I can't pay the dues!

* * * * * * * *

Who mourns Compromise?
Not I, says the North,
Let the mandate go forth,
We'll have *no Compromise*!

A PLAYED-OUT BEAT.—Beau-Regard.

FOR STOCK BROKERS.—The North being no longer able to *bear* it, naturally determines to *bullet* (*bull* it.)

☞ The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE peach crop in Ohio is almost entirely cut off, but grapes promise an abundant crop. The vines never looked better.

A MORMON advertisement reads—"To be let—rooms, for two gentlemen and four wives, or rooms for one gentleman and six wives."

NEW WHEAT.—The first wheat of the season was sold at Elkton, Md., last week, for one dollar per bushel.

THE Birmingham (Eng.) whipmakers are now on a strike against the initiation of women into the art and mystery of whipmaking.

GENERAL ROSENCRANZ.—This officer, who seems to have achieved the principal victory in Western Virginia, is from Ohio. He graduated at West Point at the head of his class, and is therefore a finished soldier. He has the rank of Brigadier-General, and commands one of the divisions under McClellan.

SHOEMAKERS AHEAD.—The number of occupations represented in Col. Cass's (Massachusetts 9th) regiment is 113, and there are 336 boot and shoemakers, of which 81 are members of the Stoughton Company.

A SMALL AFFAIR.—Mr. Toombs, according to the Richmond correspondent of the Memphis Appeal, when importuned by an acquaintance for a clerkship in the State Department of the Confederate States, answered, jocularly, "What need for a clerk? Why, I can carry the whole State Department in my hat."

WHAT IS AN AMBULANCE?—An ambulance is a light carriage, the body being mounted upon two wheels and supported by very elastic light springs. It is a little over six feet in length. There are cots for two inside, with beds, head pillows, &c. The top is covered with black oil cloth, but the body and running gear are painted red. The ambulance is intended for one horse, with a seat for the driver in front, and being very light, though strongly built, can be driven along very rapidly without injury to the wounded.

AT Millville, Mo., on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, 800 U. S. troops encountered a body of rebels who had torn up the track, and a battle ensued, in which 7 rebels were killed, several men and 30 horses captured, 3 U. S. troops killed and 7 wounded.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—Our readers will recollect a telegraphic dispatch, which arrived here a few days ago, to the effect that 200 of Salemon's regiment, who were left as a guard in Neosho, were surrounded by the enemy, and taken prisoners. We now have information, by letter, that this corps is perfectly safe, having left Neosho by order of Col. Siegel in good time, and arrived in Carthage on the day of the battle. In the battle itself, although they were left to guard the baggage, not a man of them was injured.—*St. Louis Westlich Post, July* 12.

ATTACK ON A PART OF WISE'S COMMAND.—On Friday night three companies of Col. Woodruff's second Kentucky regiment attacked 500 rebels, between Mad river and Barbourville, on the Kanawha river, completely routing them and killing twelve and wounding a number. The Kentuckians had but one killed. General Cox's brigade was moving rapidly up the Kanawha against Wise's force.

TALKING INDIANA.—A story is going the rounds, charged to the account of Gov. Wright, the American Minister at Berlin, and who, I need not tell you, is from Indiana. Two European diplomats were talking about the Governor, and one of them, who knew him, and who had just told the other that the Governor spoke neither French nor German, and English but indifferently, was asked by the other what language he did speak! "Why, Indiana, I suppose," was the reply.

INCREASE OF IMPORTATION OF BREADSTUFFS BY GREAT BRITAIN.—During the last four months of the present year, the British importations of foreign breadstuffs amounted to $90,000,000. In 1860, for the same period, they were but $22,500,000.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG SNUBBED IN RUSSIA.—A letter received in this city from Cronstadt, dated June 17, written by the mate of a ship, says:—"There is a Charleston ship lying alongside of us, that hoisted the flag of the Southern Confederate States, and for so doing I understand the captain was arrested and placed in the guard house by the Russian officers. They would not acknowledge or in any way recognize the flag of the rebels."

THE body of the late rebel Gen. Garnett, of Virginia, will be taken to Fortress Monroe, and conveyed, with a flag of truce, to Richmond. It was properly escorted, and enclosed in an air-tight metallic case.

THE OLD CHIEFTAIN WITH THEM.—Gen. Scott will go with the Grand Army as it moves toward Richmond. A vehicle, provided with suitable sleeping accommodations, has been built for his use, and it is expected that he will use it immediately.

WASHINGTON OR DEATH.—The Yreka (Cal.) Journal relates the following:—"One of our expressmen, a few days since, while travelling through the country, stopped at the cabin of an old miner, who anxiously inquired as to the latest news. 'Bad enough,' replied the vender of news, 'the Secessionists have taken Fort Pickens and Washington City, and hung Gen. Scott.' With a look of unutterable horror, the miner coolly stepped into his cabin, took down his rifle, and exclaimed—'Anybody can take my claim that wants it; but —— me if I ain't off for the wars, and I'll have Washington City back or never return.' Our informant assures us that he would have been as good as his word, had he not learned to his great gratification that he had been the victim of a 'sell.'"

CHEAP TOBACCO.—A cigar manufacturer, who once upon a time was prosecuted for the unlawful fabrication of cheap "Havannas," on which no duty was paid, escaped the penalty on proving that he never used any tobacco leaf at all. In addition to the cabbage and lettuce, rhubarb, dock, burdock, endive, colt's foot, beech, plantain, oak, and elm leaves, peat earth, sawdust, malt commings, lime, alum, lamp-black, sugar, meal of wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, chicory leaves steeped in tar oil, potato-starch, saltpetre, fullers earth, salt, gum, treacle, chromate of lead, red dye and black dye (composed of vegetable red, iron and liquorice), have been found in the tobacco of the shops.

OFFICIAL ORDER OF GEN. MANSFIELD.—*Washington, July* 19.—Gen. Mansfield has issued the following order, dated Head Quarters, Department of Washington.

Fugitive slaves will, under no pretext whatever, be permitted to reside, or be in any way harbored in the quarters and camps of the troops serving in this department. Neither will such slaves be allowed to accompany the troops on the march. Commanders of troops will be held responsible for a strict observance of this order.

DRILLING WHEAT.—The Hon. David Crocker, of Tompkins county, N. Y., recommends farmers who drill in their wheat to set the gauge so as to drop only half the quantity of seed that they desire to plant per acre, and after going over the field once turn the other way and put in the other half, so that the plants will stand checks instead of rows. He puts in two bushels per acre, and thinks it produces better from being so much more evenly planted over the whole service, so that it more than pays for the extra labor.

THE BATTLE AT CHEAT RIVER.—We mentioned in part of our edition last week the victory at Cheat River, and General Garnett's death. After General Garnett evacuated Laurel Hill he retreated toward St. George, Tucker County, whence he was pursued by the column under General Morris. Garnett reached Carrick's Ford on Cheat River, about eight miles from St. George, on Sunday morning, where, being hotly pursued, he attempted to make a stand previous to crossing the river. While endeavoring to rally his retreating men, who are said to have acted shamefully, he was shot by a sergeant in an Indiana regiment. Only one man was near the General at the time, a beardless young man from Georgia, the rest having refused to rally. The Georgian was also killed at the same instant, he and his commander falling in different directions, feet to feet.

During the retreat and at the Ford 111 of the Rebels were killed, while the Federal loss will not exceed 10. The Rebels threw away everything in their retreat calculated to impede their locomotion in the slightest degree, and the route and the battle-field were strewn with all manner of warlike implements. They left everything they had in the shape of horses, wagons, camp equipage, &c.

Major Gordon of General Morris's Staff brought the remains of Gen. Garnett, together with his sword, watch, &c., down to Grafton yesterday, whence they will be sent, via Wheeling, to his friends in Eastern Virginia. Garnett was a graduate of West Point, and was formerly attached to the regular United States Army. He was, it is said, a brother of Congressman Garnett of Virginia. The body of Garnett was recognized by Maj. Love of the Federal forces, with whom he was intimately acquainted at West Point.

The reason of the retreat of Garnett was probably the appearance of McClellan in his rear, cutting off his retreat southwards.

READING THEM THE NEWS IN ADVANCE.—The skirmish on the 8th at Laurel Hill presented some instances of extraordinary daring. Perhaps the most astounding was that of a fellow who undertook to furnish the news to the rebels. I did not witness it myself, as it occurred while I was on the hill, watching the enemy's camp; but I am assured by dozens who did see it, that one of Milroy's Swamp Devils (as the boys of the Ninth Indiana are called) took a paper and deliberately walked up the road at the foot of the hill, on which the enemy were placed, till he got within convenient talking distance. Then asking them if they wouldn't like to have the news, and they having answered in the affirmative, he unfolded his paper and began, "Great battle at Manassas Gap; rebels completely routed; one thousand killed, ten thousand wounded, and nearly all the rest taken prisoners; all traitors to be hung and their property confiscated!" By this time the bullets began to rain down upon him rather thickly, and he beat a rapid retreat to a convenient tree, carefully folding up his paper as he went, and shouting back that if they would come over to camp he would give them the balance of the news.

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A fast girl fails to catch a lord and master,
Because some other girls are rather faster.
And even a fast man fears to take a wife,
If fast, who'll be bound fast to him for life.

☞ TO NATIONS EMBARRASSED IN DIFFICULTIES.—As the French are about to vacate Syria, the Emperor Napoleon would feel obliged to any Kingdom, whose affairs are temporarily embarrassed, and stand in need of a satisfactory settlement, to apply to him immediately, without reserve, as he is extremely anxious to give his army some fresh *occupation.—London Punch.*

☞ A contempt for the judgments of age is implanted in youth, in order that every one may be sentenced to learn wisdom at his own risk.

☞ Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness of exaggeration, were discussing the fare at different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is made so weak it has not strength to run out of the teapot."

☞ He who wishes to know how a people thrives under a grovelling aristocracy, should examine how vigorously and thick the blades of grass grow under a plantain.

☞ On seeing some evergreens badly planted:—

Now they are green,
Soon they'll be red,
Next they'll turn brown,
Then they'll be dead.

☞ To speak to the purpose you must speak with a purpose.

☞ There are said to be one hundred men in Liverpool who are each worth five million dollars.

☞ "Women," says a literary hermit, "might have some reason to be proud of being the more beautiful half of the human race, if the other half wasn't so confoundedly ugly."

☞ Whatever may be said of the deficiency of *arms* at the South, there can be no doubt, judging from recent exploits, as to their supply of *legs*.

☞ Arbi traitor is the worst of traitors just now.

☞ We never know what some persons don't mean until they have spoken.

☞ "F. F. V." is now supposed to mean "Fleet-Footed Virginians."

☞ Gov. Banks is compared to Joshua, for the reason that he has conquered the *Kane*-eanites of Baltimore. To make the parallel complete, it is suggested that he should arrest the course of the *Sun* in that city.

EPIGRAM ON A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

To heal the wound the bee had made
Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the wound she laid
And bade me kiss the place.
Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound
Sucked both the sweet and smart,
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting went through my heart.

☞ A WELL ON BOARD SHIP.—The propeller Rocket, on a late trip, was boarded at one of the small towns by an old lady not posted in modern improvements on steamers. When a few hours out, the old lady discovered two men pumping up water to wash the decks, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows:—"Well, Captain Rice, got a well aboard, eh?" "Yes, ma'am, always carry one," says the polite captain. "Well that's clever. I always did dislike the nasty river water, especially in dog-days."

THE DYING TO THE LIVING.

Beloved, beloved, my feet alone are walking
In quiet paths, which thou hast trod with me;
I hear no more the music of thy talking
O'erweep the fields where summer blossoms be;—
Green trees, in blessing, wave their arms above me;
The night-bird draweth nearer with his sighs;
But not one human voice has said "I love thee,"
Since last I read love's story in thine eyes.

Oh! shapes of evil walk the paths between us!
My heart grows heavy with unspoken fear;
Will e'en our truth be strong enough to screen us
From fate as terrible as thou art dear?
Death's angel draweth ever nigh and nigher;
His kiss is on my brow the while I sleep.
For me, I see a martyr's path of fire—
For thee, beloved, a graveyard, where to weep.

And this, alas! is all life gives of crowning,
A wreath of fame twined out of funeral flowers,
As if some shipwrecked mariner, while drowning,
Should grope for gems in ocean's coral bowers.
Bethink thee, love, of all the hopes I cherished,
The dreams my future was to make so real;
The household joys that, crushed in death, have perished,
In my mad worship of the veiled Ideal.

And yet I love thee—never will another
Say these three words with such strong throbs of pain!
Such tears like those with which some stricken mother
Bathes eyes which ne'er may meet her own again.
I love thee—it has been no idle vision
Rising like moonlight o'er life's troubled sea,
For it will dawn again in climes elysian—
Standing 'mong angels I shall yearn for thee.

And thou wilt breathe my name, perchance, while rhyming
The careless fancies of an idler's lines,
Or haply with the winds above thee chiming
Their lonesome marches through dark groves of pines;
And when a fairer head in dreams is lying
Where mine has rested upon breast of thine,
From out the past thou'lt hear a low voice sighing,
"Her living love will be less dear than mine!"

And thou wilt come sometimes when I am sleeping,
And o'er that place of thorns wilt make thy moan,
And I beneath the mould shall hear thy weeping,
And pray for thee beneath the glimmering stone.
My heart shall be where'er thy steps are roving;
Its passion conquer e'en life's troubled wave;
Alas! alas! that earth's best gift of loving
Should be a prayer, a troth plight and a grave!

A HORSE BOUGHT AND A LAWYER SOLD

BY A COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

I had a wife and three small children. My office was in Boston, and we lived in an adjoining town. I needed the exercise of riding, and a drive now and then toward evening with my family would be good for us all. We had formerly lived in the country, where everybody keeps horses, and a horse seemed really necessary to our comfort, and so I determined to buy one. I had owned several horses in my day, and knew something of horse flesh, and I had been engaged in several horse cases in court; and of course I knew, as every man of observation knows, that horses are a dangerous commodity to deal in. Being however forewarned, of course I was forearmed, and being a lawyer, I felt no apprehension that I could not look pretty well after one side of a bargain.

Before trying to buy an article, I always make up my mind exactly what I want. Then I am not misled by every foolish fancy, as one is liable to be, who looks through the market for something that suits him.

The horse I would buy must be a good saddle-horse, a pacer or ambler under the saddle, but of course a square trotter in harness. He must be young and sound, of handsome, sprightly figure, kind as a kitten, never needing the whip, but yet safe for my wife to drive, not afraid of the engine, fast or slow at the driver's election. To be sure I had once heard our minister, when I lived in the country, tell the only horse jockey in the parish that he wanted just such a horse, and I had heard the jockey's irreverent reply, "why you—old fool, there *aint* no such hoss," yet I had heard of such animals, and seen them advertised, and if I had not happened to see one that exactly answered the description, it was probably because I had not been looking particularly after him.

When it became known that I was in want of a horse, it was really amusing to see the attempts made to deceive me. They evidently thought I was a green hand at the business, and that I was a fit subject for any imposition.

One fine looking animal was brought me, that to a careless observer would have seemed nearly perfection, he had a slight cough, but the owner assured me that it was nothing, only a little cold the horse had taken the day before, by standing in a draught. He could not deceive *me*, I had owned a horse with the *heaves*, years ago, and advised him to take his worthless beast to somebody who did not know so much about horses. Another would have suited me exactly, but he had several scars on his legs, caused, as the dealer said, by breaking through the stable floor. I inquired a little, and ascertained that he had taken fright, upset the carriage, and gone home, two miles, on a dead run with the forward wheels, into his stall, carrying with him a hay-cutter and a grindstone that stood in the floor, and so had cut himself to pieces trying to kick away the fragments.

Another had an interfering strap on his ankle, having lately been badly shod. I saw through that poor falsehood at once.

I think I should have bought one of a dealer whom I knew, and who assured me he would not for the world deceive *me*, had not the singular animal exhibited the unfortunate eccentricity of standing on his fore legs exclusively at intervals, when I attempted to ride him outward from the stable, owing probably to some defective nervous organization.

I determined to have no more to do with dealers, but to keep a sharp lookout for myself, and when I found the right kind of an animal, to buy him even if I had to pay a high price.

Walking one afternoon from Cambridge to Somerville, I rested a moment by the hawthorn hedge at the foot of Kirkland street, and looking back I observed a beautiful black horse, surmounted by an elderly cadaverous gentleman, who had somewhat the air of a clergyman. The horse was moving at an easy ambling pace, scarcely faster than a walk, the rein hanging loosely on his neck, while the rider was serenely reading a newspaper. In the language of the free-love woman to "Artemus Ward at Berlin Hites," I mentally exclaimed, "I have found him at last." I accosted the traveller, and, passing by the details of our conversation, it is sufficient to say that the animal was everything that could be desired, and although it would well nigh break the hearts of the owner's family to part with him, he could be bought for the moderate sum of two hundred and fifty dollars.

It may be interesting to the reader, although somewhat premature, to learn what I afterwards discovered, that the owner's "family" consisted of one bull-terrier pup which slept with him in a stable loft every night.

I met the owner by appointment next day, at my office in Boston. He had been employed, he said, as travelling agent of a Boston house, and had no further use for the horse: he would give me a written warranty of the animal as perfectly sound and kind; indeed I might take him home a week, and try him, and see for myself. Nothing could be fairer than this. I took my prize to my own stable, I kept him a full week, I rode him and drove him daily; my wife rode him and drove him; my man Barney rode him and drove him. My admiration of him increased. He was to all appearance sound and kind. He was fast or slow, as I chose to have him. He would face the cars without winking, and stand without tying. In short he was a perfect horse. At the end of the week I paid the price, took a written warranty and went home rejoicing in my success. Every horse should have a name, and we concluded to call this one, on account of his many good qualities, Honesty. For a few days I was engaged constantly in a long trial in court. The horse stood still in his stable, well fed and well groomed, so as to be in the best condition for use when my leisure days should come. Barney said one day that he had harnessed Honesty to the wagon to bring home some oats from the store, and that he refused for some time to start from the yard. However, Barney was no horseman, and I thought the fault was in his awkwardness in handling the reins. A day or two later, my wife's brother took her with the children out for a drive with Honesty, in the carryall, and she reported that the animal insisted on going up Beacon street instead of Tremont street where they wanted to go. This did not seem exactly right, but still I had full faith that Honesty would prove all right when I held the reins.

Finally, my trial in Court was finished, and there was to be a picnic near Fresh Pond, where all our friends were going. I had bought a new light top buggy and harness to match, and wife and I drove up. Honesty was in high feather, and made the new carriage spin along like a linen wheel. We passed the afternoon in the woods, and when our team was brought up for our return, everybody was attracted by our elegant turn out. I confess I felt not a little pleased with this universal appropriation of my taste. I don't know why it is, but everybody considers a compliment to his horse as fully equivalent to one to himself. We bade adieu to our admiring friends, I handed my wife into the carriage, gathered up the ribbons and waved my hand by way of parting salutation. Honesty pawed, but did not move forward. I chirruped and shook the reins. Honesty shook his head, and gave a significant snort. A friend took him by the bit, when he stepped rapidly backward, till the new buggy brought up against a tree. I touched him with the whip, when he reared and snorted, and my wife screamed. "Don't whip him," cried a friend; "whipping never does any good with a contrary horse." "He is an old offender, I see by his actions," said another.

The detail of this exhibition are not agreeable to dwell upon. Neither coaxing, nor whipping, nor pushing, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, could induce that beast to even draw the empty carriage out of its tracks. I asked a friend to take my wife home, and leaving my elegant carriage, ignominiously led the obstinate brute to a stable near by and left him for the night.

"A sadder and wiser man I woke the morrow morn." I persevered with Honesty yet awhile, but after being kept two hours by his stopping in a rainy night on Cambridge bridge, on one occasion, and being obliged to leave him in the stable yard, when in great haste to meet an engagement at Lexington, I reluctantly concluded that he was not perfectly kind. My wife had long since declined further experiments with him. I was puzzled whether to admit myself duped and cheated, or attempt to cure the defect. I rode the beast occasionally, and sometimes drove him, with various success. One day I had business at Concord, at the County Court, and with a friend drove into that beautiful village just at sunset. Court had just adjourned for the day, and my brother lawyers and clients, and jurors and witnesses were lounging about the hotel and the old elm on the common. Just as we came in front of the Middlesex hotel, I observed my horse suddenly to falter; then he stopped, throwing up his head, and jerking it sideways in a manner remarkable to see, seemed quite bewildered. "He has a fit;" "jump out or you will get hurt," cried the multitude, which at once surrounded us.

My friend obeyed the call, and I attempted to do so, just as the distracted beast sallied backward over the shaft, "and Mortham, steed and rider fell." Down we came in one miscellaneous heap, the carriage essentially smashed, and his owner vexed and discomfitted. A few days proved that Honesty was a subject to frequent attacks of this kind.

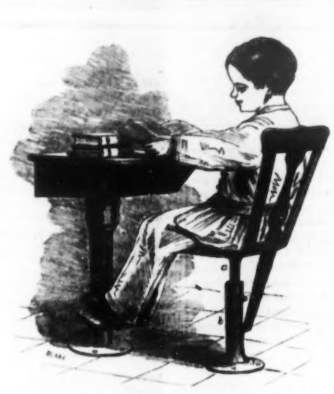
But had I not a warranty, and am I not a lawyer? Straightway I commenced an action for deceit. It is a proverb at the bar, that a lawyer who tries his own case has a fool for his client. I retained and paid counsel. I summoned and paid witnesses; I consulted and paid Doctor Dadd and other experts. The case was tried, and all Middlesex County was made to understand how a lawyer had been cheated by a jockey. The jury rendered a verdict in my favor for $125 damages, probably upon the idea that a lawyer ought not to recover more than half that he is cheated out of. I gave my execution to an officer, with orders to arrest the rascal, and told my counsel to oppose him at every step and follow him to the end of the law.

After a few months, my attorney sent for me, and gave me the result of following my directions. The defendant had been committed to jail where he had quietly remained several weeks, apparently happy in the consciousness that by the beneficent provisions of our laws, I, his creditor, was paying $1,75 per week for his board. Then he had given notice of his intention to avail himself of a further beneficent provision of our statutes for taking the poor debtor's oath. My counsel had faithfully obeyed instructions and opposed him there, paying for me according to law two dollars per day to the Commissioner while the examination was pending. Finally the vagabond had succeeded in swearing out, and my various bills amounted to about the amount I had first paid, $250.

The enemy was free, but I was not. I still had that "dreadful horse," worse than Mr. Pickwick's, that nobody would take away. A neighboring horse-dealer offered me $50, and I sold him and took his note for the amount. A few days after, I asked him what he had done with him. He said he had advertised him to sell at a horse sale in the city. I had a rational curiosity to see the advertisement, and asked him to show it to me, which he did, and it ran as follows:—"Black Saddle Horse. A particularly fine black saddle horse, perfectly sound and kind in all respects, and free from tricks."

I don't know how much he got for his fine saddle horse. I only know that I still hold his worthless note for the fifty dollars.—*Am. Stock Journal.*

A GREAT THOUGHT.—There are worse things than war. Deterioration and moral cowardice are worse than death; and when it becomes necessary to die for great truths and principles, how sweet and how beautiful is the sacrifice! Let no one imagine that this is our day of deepest darkness. Twenty millions of people rising as one man, thrilled by one pulse, swept by one spirit of self-sacrifice, holding right and justice to be dearer than life, and that life for these may be and shall be offered up, will appear in history as the brightest omen of the century. Civilization and free government are not to fail here, but to come forth more glorious and secure from trial. This is the clear pointing of the finger of God, and for this he strikes the awful hour and summons men to their duty. Meanwhile we hope that from all the altars of religion will be breathed the holiest, selectest influence into the cause of constitutional liberty as the cause of God.—*Religious Magazine.*



CHASE'S SCHOOL DESK AND SEAT.

In order that school children may be preserved in health, and deformities in their persons avoided, it is necessary that their seats and desks should be adjusted to the several heights adapted to their statures; and this can be most readily done by so constructing the seats and desks that their heights may be varied, and thus each desk and seat fitted for the scholar that is to occupy it. Several plans have been devised for this purpose, but they have been objectionable from the want of stability, resulting from the play of the movable parts. The accompanying cut represents a seat invented by Amos Chase, of North Weare, N. H., which is provided with a brace in a way to make it remarkably firm, while it is at the same time very readily adjustable.

The seat is rigidly secured to the rod, *a*, which slides smoothly in the hollow cylinder, *b*, this cylinder being enlarged as its base and fastened firmly to the floor. The middle slat of the seat's back is lengthened downward and attached at its lower end to a projection from the rod, *a*, which passes through a vertical slit made in the cylinder, *b*, for that purpose; this slit being of sufficient length to allow the arm to slide up and down with the rise and fall of the seat. The seat is secured in any desired position by a setscrew.

The desk is also made adjustable in height by a similar arrangement; the foot-rest being supported on an arm which is fastened to the sliding rod, and passes through a slit in the cylinder or stand.

Beside the facility of adjustment, the convenience of sweeping a room provided with these desks and seats is apparent.

This invention is secured by two patents, procured through the Scientific American Patent Agency. Further information in relation to the matter may be obtained by addressing the assignee, N. C. Page, at North Weare, N. H.

AN IRISH SOLDIER'S DODGE.

A son of the Emerald Isle, but not himself *green*, was *taken up* (for he was at the time *down*) near a rebel encampment, not far from Manassas Junction. In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade, and was aroused from his slumbers by a scouting party. He wore no special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than an alligator, and on this was arrested.

"Who are you? what is your name? and where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party. Pat rubbed his eyes, scratched his head and answered—

"Be gorra, gintlemen, thim is ugly questions to answer, anyhow, and before I answer any o' thim, I'd be after axin' ye, by ye're lave, the same thing."

"Well!" said the leader, "we are of Scott's army, and belong to Washington."

"All right," said Pat, "I knowed ye were gintlemen, for I'm that same. Long life to Gineral Scott."

"Aha," replied the scout, "now, you rascal, you are our prisoner," and seized him by the shoulder.

"How is that, are we not friends?" inquired Pat.

"No," was the answer, "we belong to Gen. Beauregard's army."

"Then ye told me a lie, me boys, and thinkin' it might be so, I told ye 'nother. Now tell me the truth, and I'll tell the truth too."

"Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina."

"So do I," promptly responded Pat, "an' to all the other States o' the country, too; and there I'm thinkin' I beat the whole o'ye. Do ye think I'd come all the way from ould Ireland to belong to *one* State, when I had a right to belong to the whole o' them?"

This logic was rather a stumper, but they took him, as before said, and carried him to camp for further examination.

It is pretty evident from this specimen that Pat needed no prompting in a closer examination, and bearing no evidence that he was a spy, they let him off, and the more readily, as, while he assured them he was no "politicianer," he persisted in thinking that any man was a great fool to belong to only *one* State, when he has a right (as he had) of belonging to *thirty-four* States, "besides the territories."

Now, in this simple incident we know why so large a majority of our adopted citizens stick to the national flag and the national Union. They became citizens and swore fealty to the *whole country*, not to a political fragment of it. They remember their oath, while many native born forget their "birthright."

FASHIONABLE RELIGION.—A New York city lady, filled with perfume, and strictly first-class piety, writes thus to her son at school, of the mellifluous, tasteful, exquisite, sweet, charming, stylish, divine, and refined quality of discourse that she is just now privileged to listen to:

"Rev. Dr. —— is giving us a series of sermons on the different kinds of wood used in building Solomon's Temple. They are very interesting, and he has such a flow of beautiful words, and such wavy gestures, and he looks so gentlemanly in the pulpit, that I have no doubt he does a great deal of good. The church is always full."

☞ PHILOSOPHY.—The captain of a whale ship told one of the wretched native inhabitants of Greenland that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. "Miserable!" exclaimed the philosophic savage: "I have always had a fish-bone through my nose and plenty of train oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?"

THE MYSTERY OF COMETS' TAILS.

There is nothing in nature more mysterious than the growth and motion of the trains of comets. When a comet is first discovered by a telescope it generally has no tail, appearing like a faint star seen through a haze. As it approaches the sun the tail is developed, starting out on the side next the sun, but being immediately turned back, as if it were a flame acted on by a powerful blast coming from the sun. The nucleus or head of the comet is matter, though lighter than the thinnest fog, but the tail is either not matter at all, or it is acted on by forces which do not manifest themselves on this earth. If the train were simply matter, acted on by gravitation, it would follow the head in its track around the sun, consequently bending, as the head sweeps around the part of its orbit nearest the sun, into nearly a semi-circular curve. Instead of this, the train *always points from the sun*, swinging around as the stream of light from a lantern in the fog does when the lantern is turned. As the trains are sometimes of such length that they would reach from the sun to the earth, and as the comet when nearest the sun moves through many degrees of its orbit in a few hours, the end of the train is swept around with a velocity which forbids the belief of its being matter possessed with the property of inertia.

The velocity, too, with which the tail is shot forth, is irreconcilable with the idea of its being subject to the law of inertia. The tail of the great comet of 1680, immediately after its perihelion passage, was found by Newton to have been no less than sixty millions of miles in length, and to have occupied only two days in its emission from the comet's body.

One of the most singular phenomena of comets' tails is the violent commotion observed in them. Flames stream forth from the nucleus in fan-shaped and various other and swiftly changing forms, toward the sun at first, but bending quickly back as if encountered by a furious blast, and then streaming away millions of miles into the sky. This may be owing to the intense heat to which they are exposed from their proximity to the sun. The great comet of 1843 approached the sun within about a seventh part of the sun's radius. Sir John Herschel calculates that at this distance the heat of the sun would be 47,042 times greater than it is at this earth, and at least 24½ times greater than the heat in the focus of Parker's great lens, which melted cornelian agate and rock crystal.

Usually, as the comet moves away from the sun, the train, which it is now pushing partly before it, gradually diminishes till it disappears altogether. Sometimes, however, the train is obliterated in the vicinity of the sun, the comet emerging from the sun's light without any tail whatever. At other times, the tail is the longest just after the perihelion passage; at others there are two or three or more tails branching out like a fan. They are frequently curved like Donati's in 1858, and exhibit a great variety of singular phenomena, which are an incomprehensible mystery to the students of astronomy.

At about the same time, Bissel and Prof. Pierce, each independently of the other, offered the suggestion that the trains of comets may be electricity. Perhaps they are simply light; the sun's rays, in their passage through the unknown substance of the nucleus, may acquire the power—analogous to polarization—of producing the vibrations which constitute light.

The heads of comets are unquestionably formed of material substance, as they are acted on by gravitation, and reflect the sun's light, but this substance is generally of extreme tenuity. Stars of the smallest magnitude have been seen through the densest portion of the head, and, in the language of Sir John Herschel, "The most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet." In some, however, a very minute stellar point has been seen, indicating the existence of a solid body.

Among the mysterious phenomena presented by the head, is its diminution in size as it approaches the sun, and its re-expansion during its retreat. It also throws off nebulous envelopes, one after another, during the formation of the train, in a very curious manner.

Many of the comets move in elliptical orbits, and continue to revolve around the sun. But the orbits of a few have been ascertained to be hyperbolas, and these consequently will never return. Light, ethereal volumes of vapor, they come from unmeasured distances above, below, or on either hand, with constantly accelerating velocity, rush in strange turmoil around the sun, and then move more and more slowly away on their solitary courses into the depths of space.

FANCY DREAMS OF A YOUNG LADY.—Some young ladies regard marriage as a fairy land, where violets and roses perpetually blossom—where the cedar-tree and the cinnamon-tree ever flourish—where the waters of tranquillity and sweetness uninterruptedly flow. Tell them there are thistles and briars in that state, though they do not contradict, yet they no not credit you, for they believe that their love, their devotedness for each other, will exempt them from the cares, the vicissitudes, the anxieties which generally pertain to humanity. All lovers, before marriage, conceive that their destiny will be an exception to the general rule. The future with them will be *toujours couleur de rose*. Could you give them a sketch of the pages in their future history, they would not believe a word; they would set you down as a misanthrope, a painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes—an inimical represser of the hopes and aspirations of youth. The dark spots which the telescope of your experience might discover, they would regard but as shadows or molehills in the moon. If they would but reflect a *little*, how much misery they might avoid.

HOW THE INDIANS MADE STONE ARROW-HEADS.

The heads of the Indian arrows, spears, javelins, &c., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired, but the process of forming them conjectured. Hon. Caleb Lyon, an a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used those weapons which in most tribes have been superseded by rifles, or at least by iron-pointed arrows and spears. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process, of which he wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society the following description:—"The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side, he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand, he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually seemed to acquire shape. After finishing the base of the arrow-head (the whole being only little over an inch in length) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces. Yet such was his adroit application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow-head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken bottle, which (after two failures) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, which many attempt, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian marble. In a moment all that I had read upon the subject written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow-heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plough more."

SWEARING FOR A FAMILY.

Rev. R. S. Maclay, for thirteen years a missionary in China, has written a book, in which he relates the following anecdote:

"During one of our examinations for candidates for baptism at Ngu kang, I observed that one woman and some three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men:

"'I observe you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' one replied, 'this is mother, and these are my brothers.'

"'Where is your father?' I continued.

"'He is at home, attending to business.'

"'Does he approve of your embracing Christianity?'

"'Yes, he is entirely willing.'

"'Why does not your father himself become a Christian?'

"'He says it would not answer for all the family to embrace Christianity.'

"'And why,' I asked, with some curiosity, 'does he think so?'

"'He says that if we all become Christians our heathen neighbors will take advantage of that circumstance to impose upon us.'

"'How will they do that?' I inquired.

"'Christians are not allowed to swear or fight; and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain we have embraced Christianity, they will proceed at once to curse and maltreat us. Hence father says to us:—"You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen, so as to retaliate on our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family."'"

A WOMAN'S HEART.

The most precious possession that ever comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart. Why some graceful and most amiable women whom I know will persist in loving some men whom I also know, is more than I know. I will not call their love an exhibition of perverseness, though it looks like it; but that these men, with these rich, sweet hearts in their hands, grow sour and snappish, and surly and tyrannical and exacting, is the most unaccountable thing in the world. If a pig will not allow himself to be driven, he will follow a man who offers him corn, and he will eat the corn, even though he puts his feet in the trough; but there are men—some of them of Christian professions—who take every tenderness their wives bring them, and every expression of affection, and every service, and every yearning sympathy, and trample them under feet without tasting them, and without a look of gratitude in their eyes. Hard, cold, thin-blooded, white-livered, contemptible curmudgeons—they think their wives weak and foolish, and themselves wise and dignified! I beg my readers to assist me in despising them. I do not feel adequate to the task of doing them justice.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

☞ A teacher was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to a boy. He was asked, "Suppose you had one hundred pounds, and were to give away eighty pounds—how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?" "Why, I'd count it!" was the reply.

BE STILL!

Peace! Be still!
In this night of sorrow bow.
Oh, my heart! contend not thou!
What befalls thee is God's will—
Peace! Be still!

Peace! Be still!
All thy murmuring words are vain—
God will make the riddle plain;
Wait His word and bear His will—
Peace! Be still!

Hold thee still!
Though the Father scourge thee sore,
Cling thou to Him all the more,
Let Him mercy's work fulfill!
Hold thee still!

Hold thee still!
Though the good Physician's knife
Seem to touch thy very life,
Death alone he means to kill—
Hold thee still!

Lord, my God!
Give me grace, that I may be
Thy true child, and silently
Own Thy sceptre and Thy rod,
Lord, my God!

Shepherd mine!
From Thy fullness give me still
Faith to do and bear Thy will,
Till the morning light shall shine,
Shepherd mine!

—*Christian Examiner.*

THE YOUNG HEROINE.

FROM A JUDGE'S NOTE BOOK.

In all my experiences at the bar and on the bench, I do not know of anything which spreads so much distress far and wide, and has so many evil consequences attendant upon it, as the defalcation of a trustee.

The, in many cases, real necessity of appointing trustees to property, and the, in many cases, imaginary necessity, involve the holding of an enormous amount of funds by what may be called nearly irresponsible persons.

The widow and the orphan are the peculiar sufferers from the constant defalcations of this class of persons; and I have no hesitation in saying, that for one case which meets the public eye, there are fifty in which the sufferers put up with their grievous wrong, either because there are family disgraces to avoid, or because they cannot reach the evil-doer.

One case, however, of this description came before me for trial during the first year in which I had a seat on the judicial bench, which was so remarkable in its details, that it may appropriately form one of the episodes in my Diary.

A most respectable-looking man—most trustees are so—was placed at the bar, on his trial for the attempted murder of a young girl named Florence Wilton.

The name of the prisoner was Frederick Luke Goodman; and, as I have said, he was, to all appearance, a most respectable man.

There was a sleek, well-to-do, unctuous look about him, which would have gone a long way in the city of London; and as he stood at the bar, he resembled some of those "respectable bankrupts" who fail for a fabulous sum, and who are accordingly complimented by the officials in bankruptcy, and are rather considered to be injured pieces of innocence than trading adventurers.

He was about fifty years of age—his attire was scrupulously glossy black—his white cravat without a stain—and, in fact, he was the very picture of a "respectable trustee."

The sort of man was this Mr. Frederick Luke Goodman with whom unsuspicious people would trust the patrimony of their little ones, and the income of the beloved partner of their hearth and home, whom they might leave behind them.

There was what the newspapers call "a host of friends" of the prisoner's in Court, ready to "surround him," and carry him away bodily, if he should be acquitted; and if found guilty, to step into the witness-box, and testify that, in their opinion, he possessed all the cardinal virtues and a few more.

The indictment, however, had an ugly sound in it.

The prisoner was charged that, on the pier, or jetty, at Boulogne, he had attempted, and partially succeeded in, pushing into the water, in order to effect her death by drowning, Florence Wilton.

There was another indictment, which charged the prisoner with appropriating to his own use the sum of twelve thousand eight hundred and seventy pounds Three per Cent. Consols, the property of Mrs. Jane Wilton, widow, and of the Florence Wilton mentioned in the first and more serious indictment.

The prisoner pleaded "Not guilty" in a firm voice, it was said by the reporters in the next morning's papers; and one paper called him the "unfortunate gentleman."

But now, without in the least apologizing to Mr. Goodman for keeping him standing at the bar, I will give my readers a few facts that will place them in a much better position to understand the trial than they otherwise would.

Mr. Ambrose Wilton was a rather weak-minded gentleman, who had occupied one of those official positions all his life, the duties of which consisted in appearing at a certain hour every day in a nice room of a nice set of offices, and reading the newspaper.

From that little snug harbor of life, Mr. Ambrose Wilton had in due time retired to a villa at Clapham, with his wife and only daughter, Florence Wilton, and a sufficient sum to produce the modest four hundred a year, which they spent liberally and justly.

In the adjoining villa dwelt a "very respectable gentleman," who used to go to the city every day, and who used, after he had made the acquaintance of the Wiltons, to inform Mr. Ambrose Wilton when things were "light" in the city, and when money was easy, and such like intelligence; and more than once he in a confidential way whispered to Mr. Wilton that he could put him up to a capital thing in the city if he had a few thousands to spare on the moment.

But to all these soft seductions Mr. Ambrose Wilton turned a deaf ear, and duly informed his respectable city friend, who was no other than Mr. Goodman, that the money he had was in the Three per Cents, and that it produced quite enough for him and his family; and he intended, when his career in this world should be over, to leave it equally between his wife and daughter.

Mr. Goodman was rather disgusted.

"What!" he would say; "leave money in the funds, when by buying up the shares, and so closing the market on the shares of the Royal West by North Wheal Glitter Mining Company, you might in six weeks make a cool ten thousand!"

Mr. Ambrose Wilton was deaf to the voice of the charmer, but in his heart he thought Mr. Goodman rather a wonderful man, and "highly respectable."

So, when some fine day poor Mr. Wilton blessed his weeping wife and child, and departed this life—for, let us hope, a great deal better one, where his only wish would be that those dear ones he had left behind him, among earth's mists, were with him—it was no surprise to find that he had appointed Mr. Goodman co-trustee, with his wife, of the twelve thousand eight hundred and odd pounds in the Three per Cents.

As the will stated, he thought that he was best consulting the interests of his wife and daughter by the appointment of a business and respectable man as co-trustee.

Mrs. Wilton was satisfied.

To be sure, she had never exactly liked Mrs. Goodman and Mr. Tom Goodman, the son, whose whole time seemed to be consumed in smoking cigars; nor the two Miss Goodmans, the daughters, who kept, as well as their brother Tom, late hours.

But she was quite of her husband's opinion, that Mr. Goodman was a "most respectable man."

And so half a year passed away; and grief, let it be of what complexion it may, gives way to time; so that the widow and the daughter began to look cheerful again, and to take an interest in things about them.

Florence Wilton was just fourteen years of age, and a dear, kind, good, gentle girl; yet any one who would have presumed upon her gentleness, in any way, would soon have found that she had an intellect, and a courage, and a keen perception of right and wrong, which her mother had no pretensions to, nor her father either.

She was a charming, frank-hearted young creature—as good as fair, and as fair as good.

Tom Goodman wanted to be on capital terms with her, but that was a woeful failure.

The Misses Goodman wanted to patronize her, and bring her out; but she told them she did not like late hours, and loud, vulgar men, such as she saw sometimes at their house; so they had to let her alone.

And Florence was called all sorts of names among the Goodmans, and laughed at among themselves outrageously, but they took good care not to let her know it.

In fact, if ever a set of worldly, unscrupulous people were thoroughly afraid of anybody but a police-officer, those Goodmans were of Florence Wilton, aged fourteen, and slight and slim for her age.

A catastrophe was approaching.

One evening, the two Miss Goodmans, with real or pretended concern, called at the villa in the occupation of the Wiltons; and the elder Miss Goodman said she was "so sorry you cannot think, to say it, but her 'pa had been dreadfully deceived in the city, and was in the *Gazette*."

"The what?" said Mrs. Wilton.

"The *Gazette*."

"Dear me! is that anything very uncomfortable?"

"Yes. It means that 'pa is a bankrupt."

"Ruined!" added the second Miss Goodman. "'Pa has lost a large fortune in the city."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Wilton. "I never did have much opinion of that city; and I am sure I regret much any misfortune to Mr. Goodman."

"Yes," said the elder Miss Goodman, "and I am sure 'pa will be as sorry as any one if it puts you to any inconvenience."

"Me?"

"Yes. Because, as he made sure that the Patent Sawdust Consolidation and Pyroligneous Acid out of Chips Company's shares would be at a large premium, he has used some of your money."

"Some of my money?"

"Yes."

"But he was only a trustee!"

"Oh, that don't make any difference at all, I believe."

"But—"

"Stop, mother!" said Florence; "I have a book which has told me all about trustees and their duties. If Mr. Goodman has taken our money, it is a fraud."

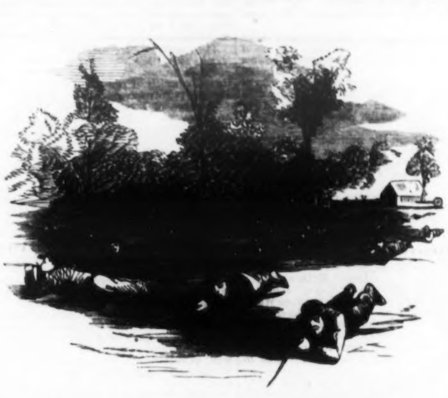
"A what, Miss Wilton?" screamed the two Misses Goodman, at once. "How dare you use such a word of our father?"

"It will be much worse," said Florence, "for your father to deserve the word, than for me to use it."

"Oh, you odious—"

"Stop, ladies, if you please. I say, if your father has used my mother's and my money, of which he was only a trustee, he is a fraudulent trustee. Yes, and now I remember what the book said. Of course, he is but a co-trustee; and therefore, if he has procured the money, he must have forged my mother's signature, who is the other trustee."

The two Misses Goodman now burst out into a torrent of abuse, and left the house. They had done what they had been told to do, and they did not care how soon they went.



INDIANA TROOPS DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS.

From a Sketch in Harper's Weekly.

Poor Mrs. Wilton was in tears; but that dear, charming Florence rose with the occasion, and was calm and courageous, and did things that no man could have done.

"Mother," she said, "have you given that man, who I always thought was a bad man, any authority to take our money out of the funds?"

"Oh, dear, no, my dear!"

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, quite!"

"Mother, have you signed any papers that he brought to you!"

"To be sure, always—everything that he said I ought to sign. You know what a business man he was, and so very respectable."

"Then I am afraid, mother, you have given him power to possess himself of any money which our dear father left us."

"Oh, my child—my child! what will become of us if all is gone? Oh, good heavens! we shall be destitute—beggars? Oh, what shall I do? What can I do?"

"Hush, mother, hush!" said Florence; and she clasped her hands over her fair face for a few moments, and then she said, "The book says that the Court of Chancery will afford a remedy in cases of fraudulent trustees, or trustees misappropriating funds. Mother, I am going to town."

"To town, my lamb?"

"Yes, dear mother. But don't call me a lamb, for I must be bold and courageous, and lambs are weak and silly. I am going to town."

"But where to, my dear? Oh, where to?"

"To Chancery. To the Court of Chancery, which the book says affords relief in 'trust.'"

"Oh, gracious!"

Poor Mrs. Wilton wept abundantly, but that brave Florence did not shed one tear. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and after tenderly kissing her mother, she left Clapham with a book under her arm.

The book was "Holton on Trusts," and it was from it that Florence had gathered her law; but it did not tell her that the Court of Chancery was not exactly to be appealed to in the way she thought and intended.

Florence took her seat on the coach from Clapham to London, and seeing an old gentleman close to her, she said to him—

"Where should I alight, sir, to go to the Court of Chancery?"

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "you can get down at the corner of Chancery Lane."

"Thank you, sir."

Florence thought that the old gentleman looked rather curiously at her, but she got down at the corner of Chancery Lane, and with her book on "Trusts" under her arm, she walked boldly on, and by making another inquiry, she reached Lincoln's Inn.

Then, to her surprise, she saw the old gentleman she had accosted on the coach, and she asked him again where was the Court of Chancery.

"It is through that open door," he said.

"Oh, thank you, sir."

"But what do you want? What can be your business?"

"I want, and mean, to apply to the Court about a fraudulent trustee. This book says that the Court takes cognizance of such cases."

"Good gracious!"

Florence left the old gentleman in such a state of speechless amazement, after he had exclaimed, "Good gracious!" that several people who passed thought he was ill.

Then Florence entered by the gloomy doorway he had pointed out to her, and she pushed aside a cloth curtain and found herself in an immense hall, where people were, with subdued footsteps, passing to and fro, and at the further end of which was a space barricaded off, while there sat all alone, on a raised place, a gentleman with a wig, and below him lay a large gilt mace.

Another gentleman, in a wig and gown, was making some observations, and a man kept calling out, "Hush! hush! hush!"

"Is that the Chancellor?" said Florence to a lad with a blue bag.

"Yes, that's him."

"And who are all these persons sitting here?"

"Counsel and 'torneys."

"Thank you."

Florence waited quite patiently until the gentleman in the wig and silk gown had finished his observations; and then the Lord Chancellor said,

"We will look into the authorities, and give due notice of judgment."

"Peaboddy *v.* Brown!" called out a loud voice.

But Florence did not want another case to commence, which, for all she knew, might occupy all the day, and which it would be bad manners to interrupt, so she stepped up on to a part of the raised flooring in front of the Chancellor, and said,

"My lord, I want to make an application to the Court of Chancery."

If a bombshell had suddenly dropped through the ceiling, it could hardly have created more surprise than these words from that beautiful young girl, whose soft, gentle voice carried a charm with it. The attorneys were all in commotion, and the "bar" at once paused in the gossip that was going on, and gave her all its attention.

An usher of the Court had an obscure idea that he ought to take her into custody at once, and stood with his arm outstretched, ready to do so; but then the Chancellor spoke.

"What is it you wish to say to the Court?"

"In this book, my Lord Chancellor—'Holton on Trusts'—it says, page 22, chapter 4, that the Court of Chancery will give relief in cases of misappropriation of trust funds."

"God bless me!" said the Chancellor. "Why, how old are you?"

"Fourteen, my lord."

"And you come here with 'Holton on Trusts' in your hand to make an application to me?"

"Yes, my lord. My poor dear mother and myself are, I fear, cruelly wronged by a trustee. Dear father is dead. My mother is but weak, and in bad health. There is no one but me to apply to you, sir."

The Lord Chancellor looked at Florence with evident emotion. The bar almost applauded.

"I will hear you," said the Chancellor, "with the greatest pleasure."

You might now, in the popular phrase, have heard a pin drop in that old Court of Chancery—so stilled were all noises while Florence Wilton spoke.

"When my father died," she said, "he left me and my mother about thirteen thousand pounds in the Funds, and my mother and a Mr. Frederick Luke Goodman were appointed, by my father's will, co-trustees. That was about six months ago. But this morning the two daughters of Mr. Goodman came to our house, and said that their father was a bankrupt, and that he had, in consequence of unfortunate speculations, appropriated our money that my father had left, and lost it. But as he was only a trustee of that money, it could not be his to speculate with, and lose; and I came here to the Court of Chancery for what the book calls 'relief' as against a trustee misappropriating trust funds."

Florence ceased.

Then the Chancellor spoke.

"I have sat here," he said, "nine years now; and it is no disparagement to the gentlemen practising in this Court for me to say that I never had a clearer or more concise statement. Will some counsel oblige me by acting in this case?"

The whole bar rose at once.

The Chancellor smiled.

"As I fully expected—as I fully expected!" he said.

Then, before he could add another word, or any one else could speak, one of the counsel said,

"My lord, if your lordship will allow me to act in this case, it will give me peculiar pleasure, as I have a slight previous acquaintance with this young lady, whom we all admire, and shall never forget."

"Ah, yes," said Florence, "you were kind enough to direct me here, sir."

In this counsel, Florence had recognized the old gentleman whom she had sat next to on the Clapham coach.

"Very well," said the Chancellor, "be it so. Sir William Chetwynd, the case cannot be in better hands, and I have no doubt some solicitor in the Court will act with you."

"Mr. Paterson," said Sir William Chetwynd, "will oblige me."

"Certainly," said a gentleman who was sitting with the solicitors.

"Then, Miss—Miss—"

"Wilton," said Florence. "My name is Florence Wilton."

A dozen young barristers marked down the name at once.

"Miss Florence Wilton, you may rest assured that all shall be done that can be done; and I hope you will yet have to congratulate yourself and your mother upon your visit to the Court of Chancery."

"I thank you, my lord, with all my heart," said Florence.

She turned and left the Court, but one-half the bar came after her. One offered her a carriage home, another refreshments; a third wanted to know if she had money enough, and all would shake hands with her.

The Chancellor, when he went into his private room, to unrobe, after the business of the Court was over, said to his secretary,

"If I had a son who had the intellect and the grace of manner, and the courage and judgment of the young girl who applied to the Court this day, I should be a very happy man."

Well, Florence went home, and gave her mother an account of all that had taken place, which so amazed Mrs. Wilton that she could hardly persuade herself it could be real.

But it was real; and when, the next morning, the solicitor called at the villa at Clapham, he had quite a budget of news for Florence.

Mr. Goodman was in truth in the *Gazette*, and had failed for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, after, with other people's money, making a settlement upon his wife. He had absconded; no one knew where he was; and he had only about a fortnight before that time, sold out the stock belonging to the Wiltons; so that there was some reason to believe that he had the money with him.

This was all that could be learnt just then, but Florence was not satisfied; and when the solicitor had left, she went into the garden of the villa which adjoined that of Mr. Goodman's house, and placing a ladder against the wall, she looked over.

An old man of the name of Joe was at work in the garden.

Florence knew that she stood very high in the esteem of old Joe, from various acts of kindness she had done him, while the Goodmans treated him like a dog, and a great deal worse; for they would have been afraid to treat any dog as they treated poor old Joe.

They gave him food and shelter, on condition that he did the work of at least two servants, and then called it a charity, because he was destitute.

How common, cheap, profitable charity of that kind is!

"Joe: Joe!" called Florence.

"God bless your dearest eyes, miss, there you are!" said the old man.

"Come close to the wall; I want to speak to you."

"Yes, bless you!"

"Mr. Goodman has gone away?"

"Yes miss, he have," said Joe. "He have gone away, but nobody seems to care. They were all playing at cards last night."

"I want to know where he has gone to."

"Ah, miss, they keep that a secret—that is their grand secret, but I found it out. Master Tom, you see, came home last night, as usual, the worse for what he had had out."

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, then, you see, miss, I heard him say to Amelia, his sister, that he wished he was where the governor was, for there was cheap brandy and cheap cigars; and he mentioned Bullalong."

"Boulogne?"

"Yes, that was it."

"Thank you, Joe—thank you!"

"Lord bless your dear heart, I would tell you anything, I would!"

Florence went back to her mother.

"Mamma, dear mamma, I am going out, and shall be away perhaps some days."

"Some days! Oh, no, no!"

"Yes, mamma. I want you to give me some money—about ten pounds, I think, will do. I am going to Boulogne."

"You, child—you, to Boulogne?"

"Yes, mother."

"Oh, gracious! And why?"

"I am going to find Mr. Goodman, and make him give up our money."

Mrs. Wilton felt faint. She went into hysterics, but all would not change the determination of Florence.

With ten pounds in her pocket, that heroic young girl started for Dover. It was very late at night when she got there, but the packet for Boulogne was waiting for the mails, so she went on board at once.

By the gray light of early morning, Florence was in sight of Boulogne, and landed about seven o'clock.

The stewardess on board the packet had been very kind to her, and took her on shore with her, and gave her breakfast; and Florence told her she had come to Boulogne in search of a fraudulent trustee.

The stewardess shook her head, as she said,

"Ah, my dear, you may walk on the heads of such people in Boulogne, there are so many of them; but you will be sure about one o'clock to see them all on the pier."

"Then," said Florence, "if you will let me, I will lie down and sleep till then."

It was one o'clock in the day, and the bright sunlight was sparkling upon the sea. The pier was crowded with that peculiar population which brings money to Boulogne, and the promenaders had all to pass a capstan near the pier-head, unless they cut short their walk, which few did; and against that capstan leaned a young and beautiful girl.

Our dear Florence Wilton was there.

A brass band belonging to a French regiment played lively airs. All was gaiety and animation. But, as yet, Florence could not see Mr. Goodman. She was almost beginning to despair, when she saw a magnificent personage approaching.

The personage was attired in the most extravagant French style, and he smoked a magnificent jewelled hookah.

He reached the capstan. He paused a moment, and then Florence Wilton sprang forward, and laid her hand upon his arm, as she exclaimed,

"Mr. Goodman!"

Yes, it was Mr. Goodman—the man of business—the respectable trustee.

For a moment he was panic stricken, and then he said, in broken French,

"*Ah, Mademoiselle, je ne suis pas Goodman.*"

"You are Mr. Goodman!" said Florence; "and I will have mine and my mother's money, or I will take you a prisoner back to London!"

Then poor Florence heard some oaths come from his lips, which were terrible for any man to utter in presence of such a young girl. Indeed, no man but a "respectable trustee" surely would utter them. He dashed the hookah to the ground as he spoke, and then, with one sudden push, he sent poor Florence into the sea.

But the act was seen. A French officer who was on the spot leaped after Florence, while a friend who was with him, turned his hand in the magnificent cravat of Mr. Goodman, and held him at suffocation point; while, at intervals, he saluted him with a kick that was alarming to see.

And Florence was rescued, not at all hurt; and all dripping with sea-water as she was on the pier, she spoke to the crowd.

"This man," she said, "has robbed me and my mother of all we possess in the world. He was our trustee, and you see he would have murdered me. I demand to be permitted to take him a prisoner to England!"

The crowd gave a wild and enthusiastic consent.

"Help! murder!" yelled Mr. Goodman. "It's all false! I don't know her! I will give up the money if I am let go! It is in the portmanteau at my hotel—Hotel Donne!"

The two officers dispatched a "commissionaire" to the hotel, and soon the portmanteau of Mr. Goodman was produced, and in it the sum of twelve thousand pounds was found in English bank notes.

"Stop! help! murder!" cried Goodman. "I appeal to the police! The French police will not give me up! There is no warrant—ha! ha!—no warrant!"

"No," said an officer of gendarmes; "but if the young lady can take you on board the packet which is just about to start, no Frenchman will strive to keep you."

"Come!" said Florence, and she caught Mr. Goodman by the collar,—"come!"

He raised his hand to strike her.

"If you do," said one of the French officers, "I will wring your neck."

"Yes, and I," said the English captain of the Dover packet, who had been a spectator of the whole affair, "will hand him over to my crew."

Mr. Goodman uttered a yell of dismay. He tried to fall on his knees to Florence, but all was in vain. He was kicked, cuffed, and driven on board the packet, and his portmanteau with him. He tried to say something by way of a protest, but a sailor put a wet mop right into his face and mouth.

Mr. Goodman was conquered, and off went the packet amid the cheers of the people on the pier.

Then Florence told the captain of the vessel all her story, and as soon as they reached Dover, Mr. Goodman was given in charge of a constable; and within thirty-two hours of leaving London, Florence had the "respectable trustee" before a magistrate, and had sent for the solicitor who had taken the case in hand for her in the Court of Chancery.

The magistrate at once committed Mr. Goodman for trial, and Florence went home.

The portmanteau, and the bank notes, were taken charge of, at the magistrate's request, by the police; but it was quite clear that they would be returned to Florence and her mother so soon as Mr. Goodman's trial should be over.

Florence was received by her mother with transports of joy. It was late in the afternoon; but soon carriages and hackney-coaches began to arrive at the Goodmans', next door; and it was evident that, in blessed ignorance of what had happened, the bankrupt family were giving a ball.

The most lively music resounded from the villa; but about half past ten at night there was a sudden stop put to the festivities, and screams and unearthly cries came from the Goodmans' villa.

Florence and her mother stood in their garden and listened.

A rough voice was speaking in the next house.

"I tells yer it's five bob, and no mistake, to bring a message from Newgate, so down with the dust. The gent as stands committed said as he had no tin, but you was to pay it. He was cotched at Bulogny, and committed to-day; and he wants some stockings and some money to make himself comfortable in the Stone Jug."

Upon hearing this speech from a Newgate messenger, the guests of the Goodmans were all at once struck with the idea that Goodman must be a very great rogue—to let himself be caught; and they all went away, avowing that it served him right, and that they had no patience with fraudulent bankrupts, who made fraudulent settlements on their families with other folks' money, and committed breaches of trust, and then let themselves be found out!

It was old Joe who looked over the wall into the Wiltons' garden now, and with many chuckles spoke.

"They are a preparing to bolt off!" said Joe. "The old 'un and the two young 'uns is a packing up all they can, and they have ordered a cart."

This was true. The Goodmans eloped from the villa that night with all they could carry away with them, and they left the respectable trustee to his fate in Newgate.

No doubt they thought with their guests that the fraudulent trustee, &c., who suffers himself to be found out and caught, was deserving of all he got in the way of punishment.

And so we come round now to the Court, in the dock of which stands Mr. Goodman, to take his trial.

I could see that the counsel who had to open the case for the prosecution went heart and soul into the work.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "here is a man at the bar before you, who is accused of a major crime, which he would fain have committed, in order to cover a minor one, although that minor one was of itself so dastardly and villainous that it is difficult to fancy even murder can exceed it. It is the crime of robbing of their all the widow and the orphan; not robbing them boldly and at once in the open day, but covertly and insidiously in the dark. Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner at the bar is a trustee—one of the few trustees who are fairly caught and made amenable to justice—a man who creeps into the confidence of families, and has imposed upon him one of the most sacred duties that social life can produce—the duty of conserving the means of the dead which are left for the support of the living. Gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner was co-trustee with Mrs. Jane Wilton of the fortune of herself and her daughter. In her ignorance of business, she signed an authority for him to sell out the stock which stood in their joint names, and with it he absconded to Boulogne, and was put into the *Gazette* as a bankrupt the same day. And now, my lord and gentlemen, I claim your warmest admiration for Miss Florence Wilton, who followed the man alone to Boulogne, and took him into custody, and brought him back to England. But on the pier at Boulogne he made an attempt on the life of that young lady, and it is for that affair he is tried this day. I now call Miss Florence Wilton, who will depose to the facts I have stated."

Florence appeared in the witness-box, and her beauty and charming manner won all hearts.

She gave her testimony quite clearly, and there was almost a hiss in Court when the prisoner's counsel rose up to cross examine her.

"Now, if you please, Miss Florence Wilton," he said, "you will attend to me."

Florence looked at him.

"I suppose you were sea sick on your passage to Boulogne?"

"No."

"No, you say. Be careful—be careful! We keep books here, and perjury is an indictable offence."

Florence made no remark.

"Come, now; where did you go when you first arrived at Boulogne?"

"With the stewardess of the mail packet."

"Oh, with the stewardess of the mail packet. I thought we should get at something at last. She went with the stewardess of the mail packet. Come, now, Miss Wilton, are you prepared to swear that you did not fall into the water by accident?"

"I was pushed in by Mr. Goodman."

"Come—come! Be careful! You must have been sea sick, although you deny it. So, gentlemen of the jury, you see, that is perjury number one; and perjury number two is, that she did not fall into the harbor, but was pushed in by Mr. Goodman."

"Brother Brassey," said I, from the bench, "I cannot allow you to tell the jury that a witness has committed perjury, where there is not the smallest pretence for such a statement."

"My lord—my lord! I believe and I trust that I know my duty as an advocate."

"And I mine, as a judge, so I will not permit it!"

"Very well—very well. Since I am not permitted to act for my innocent and much injured client, the prisoner at the bar, I throw up my brief."

"You can exercise," said I, "your own discretion on that head, but I will not sit here and hear a witness brow beaten, as it is too much the practice for advocates to do. I should have thought, too, that the youth and the sex of the witness would have saved her from any such attempt."

After this rebuke the trial went on smoothly enough.

The next witness was one of the French officers, who had seen the whole transaction, and he distinctly swore that he saw the prisoner push Florence into the sea.

This was conclusive.

The respectable trustee stood aghast.

"Permit me," he said, in a whining tone, "to speak. If mercy can be shown me in this case, I will give up the whole of the trust money without a word."

"We cannot," said I, "compromise cases here."

"And, besides," said the counsel for the prosecution, "I have been in communication with the solicitors in bankruptcy, and they are quite satisfied the notes found in the prisoner's portmanteau belong to Mrs. Jane Wilton and Miss Florence Wilton, and make, therefore, no claim to them as part of the estate in bankruptcy of the prisoners."

"That," said I, "is very satisfactory."

There was no more evidence, and I summed up the case. I must confess I did so with pleasure as against the prisoner, for there was not the shadow of a doubt of his guilt, nor a single extenuating circumstance that could be brought forward in his favor.

The jury did not even turn round in the box.

The verdict was "Guilty."

I then had the satisfaction of sentencing the respectable trustee to transportation for life; and he was removed from the dock using some of those same expressions with which he had polluted the air on the pier at Boulogne.

Florence and her mother got their money all back again; and for years afterwards the appearance of the fair young girl in the Court of Chancery was talked of by enthusiastic young barristers: and at Boulogne it is quite a legend still how a young English girl, of fourteen years of age, came over and took prisoner a strong, big man, on the pier, and carried him, and the plunder he had absconded with, back to England and to the offended laws of his country.

Was not our dear Florence, then, a real heroine?

☞ "I see," said a young lady, "that some bookseller advertises blank declarations for sale. I wish I could get one."

"Why?" asked the mother.

"Because, ma, Mr. G—— is too modest to ask me to marry him, and perhaps if I could fill a blank declaration with the question, he would sign it."

☞ "Oh, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me?" as the fellow said when he was trying to steal a goat.

MARCH FROM WASHINGTON.

ENTRY INTO FAIRFAX.

The advance guard of the Grand Army arrived at Fairfax Court House on the 17th, exactly at noon—the skirmishers being about half an hour in advance.

Trees had been felled across the road in three places to obstruct the march, but they proved feeble impediments. Half a mile this side of Fairfax an embankment had been thrown up across the road, and a half mile in length, with embrasures for four or five guns and sand-bag protections; but no guns had been mounted. There were no pitfalls or masked batteries.

The pickets this side of Fairfax retired this morning about an hour only before the head of the column came in sight, leaving the grain bags out of which their horses were fed, and the Federal troops fed their own horses out of the same bags.

This morning the Confederate troops at Fairfax were drawn up on the west side of the town, and the people expected that a battle would certainly take place; but at 9 A. M. they made a precipitate retreat, leaving five quarters of fresh beef, shovels, spades, tools, camp furniture, etc., behind them in their haste.

The entry of the Federal troops into Fairfax is said to have been inspiring beyond description. The main street was filled as far as the eye could reach with the soldiers marching with fixed bayonets and loaded guns, cheering for the Union, and the bands playing the Star Spangled Banner. As the men drew in sight of the Court House, though nearly worn out with forced marches and intense heat, they broke loose with the wildest shouts and cheers.

As soon as the six thousand infantry in the column had passed, the cavalry, which were in the rear—the artillery being in front—dashed through the town on a gallop, and endeavored to overtake the retreating Confederates. They followed the road for four miles towards Centreville, but the great heat preventing a forced march of the infantry, they returned.

The other columns of the advancing army are North and South of Fairfax. A few buildings were burned by the Federal troops a mile beyond Fairfax, on account of a rumor that a soldier had been fired on from them.

No buildings had been burned at Fairfax, although the soldiers, in the first flush of excitement, had seized many things in and about the houses, most of which were deserted by their owners. Gen. McDowell was, however, placing guards all over the town.

Col. Marston, of New Hampshire Second, placed a guard around the Court House building as soon as he entered the town.

The column which occupied the town, was comprised of two brigades under Col. Porter and Burnside, and contained two batteries of flying artillery, two Rhode Island regiments, the New Hampshire Second, the New York Eighth and Seventy-first, eight companies of United States Regulars and five companies of cavalry, and perhaps one or two other regiments.

The following dispatch was received to-night at the head quarters of the army:—

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, July 17.

Colonel E. D. TOWNSEND:—

We have occupied Fairfax Court House, and driven the enemy towards Centreville and Manassas Junction. We have an officer and three men slightly wounded. The enemy's flight was so precipitate that he left in our hands a quantity of flour, fresh beef, entrenching tools, hospital furniture and baggage. I endeavored to pursue them beyond Centreville, but the men were too much exhausted to do so.

Most respectfully yours,
IRWIN McDOWELL,
Brigadier-General.

The force under General McDowell is probably about 50,000, with several squadrons of cavalry, eight siege guns, and four mounted batteries. The siege guns are 32 pounders, each drawn by eight horses, and is the most effective battery in the service. Brigadier General Daniel Tyler, Col. David Hunter, Col. S. P. Heintzelman, Brigadier General Theo. Runyon, and Col. E. S. Miles will command the five divisions of the army. They will include twelve brigades, comprising 47 or 48 regiments. Each brigade will be accompanied by cavalry and artillery.

THE COLUMN AT CENTREVILLE.

WASHINGTON, July 18th.—An officer from the seat of the war reached here to-night, and brings information that the troops that marched from Fairfax C. H., appeared before Centreville about ten o'clock this morning. They passed within half a mile of the enemy's entrenchments, and formed a line of battle, expecting a conflict. The scene is represented as grand and imposing. Instead of the smoke of battle, for which they were earnestly looking, they suddenly saw the national flag hoisted over the town, and a solitary man running down to us, announcing that the enemy had fled. Soon the bands played the Star Spangled Banner, amid the cheering voices of the Federal troops.

It is said there were 7,000 or 8,000 Confederate troops at Centreville, but the number is probably exaggerated. They took their cannon with them in their flight.

The gentleman who gave the information, states that the village of Germantown had not been destroyed, as reported, although a house or two were burned.

It is stated, on the authority of several officers, that the news of Gen. McClellan's victories had just become generally known at Manassas Junction.

The army was to have marched on Manassas Junction this afternoon.

Reports are prevalent here, which are credited, that a fight of minor importance took place at Bull Run, five miles from the Junction, and that several of the Federal troops were killed and wounded by the battery of a Carolina regiment.

The following despatch was received at the War Department this afternoon:—

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, July 18.

To Lieut. Col. E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General, Washington.

The first division under Gen. Tyler, is between Germantown and Centreville. The second, under Col. Hunter, is at this place, and just about to move forward to Centreville. The fifth division, under Col. Miles, is at the crossing of the old Braddock road with the road from this to Fairfax station, and is ordered to move forward to Centreville by the old Braddock road. Barry's battery has joined it. One of Heintzleman's brigades, under Col. Wilcox, is at Fairfax station.

Col. Heintzleman and his other brigade are below the station, but he has not reported to me since we have been here, and I have not been able to communicate with him. I think they are at Sangster's Station. The four men wounded, yesterday, belong to Col. Miles's division, who had some slight skirmishing in reaching his position. Each column encountered about the same obstructions in trees felled across the road, but the axe-men cleared them out in a few moments. There were extensive breastworks thrown up at various places, and some of them with embrasures, protected with sand bags. Extensive breastworks were also thrown up at the Fairfax Railroad Station, and the road leading to Sangster's. A great deal of work had been done by them, and the number and size of their encampments show that they have been here in great numbers. Their retreat, therefore, must have a damaging effect upon them.

They left in such haste that they did not draw in their pickets, who came into one of our camps, thinking, as it occupied the same place, that it was one of their own. The obstructions to the railroad in the vicinity of the station, including the deep cut, filled in with earth, etc., can be cleaned out in a few hours. The telegraph poles are up with the wires on them.

I look to have the railroad and telegraph communication repaired in a very short time. Much flour, some arms, forage, tents, camp equipage, also were abandoned by them.

I am distressed to have to report excesses by our troops. The excitement of the men found vent in burning and pillaging, which however soon checked, distressed us all greatly.

We go to Centreville in a few moments.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
IRWIN McDOWELL,
Brigadier General, commanding.

Numerous trophies were brought to Washington this afternoon, including the commissary tent of the third regiment of South Carolina, guns, books, coats, hats, and palmetto buttons—the latter, as appears from the stamps, having been manufactured in New York.

All the masked batteries so much talked about, and which rendered the leaders of our forces extremely careful in the forward movement, turn out to be nothing more than mere infantry breastworks of the meanest style of construction.

BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.

CENTREVILLE, Va., July 18, Evening.—The first engagement of any character whatever in Eastern Virginia, during this campaign, took place at Bull's Run, four miles south of Centreville this afternoon.

General Tyler's division encamped last night a few miles east of Centreville, and this morning proceeded towards that point. Centreville was passed in safety, and the troops turned from the Little River turnpike road to the Manassas road. On the road information was received that a masked battery was planted on the left of the road ahead, and Col. Richardson, in command of the Fourth Brigade, was ordered to reconnoitre, while the remainder of the division remained in the vicinity of Centreville. Col. Richardson proceeded with three companies of the Massachusetts First, being the Kelsey company of Fusiliers and the National Guards.

They passed an open ravine, and again entered the road, which was densely surrounded by woods, when they were received by a raking fire from the left, killing a number of the advance. They gallantly sustained their position, and covered their retreat by a brass cannon of Sherman's battery, the horses having been completely disabled by the fire, until relieved by the Michigan Second and New York Twelfth, when they fell back. The Federal forces then took position on the top of a hill. Two rifled cannon were planted in front, supported by Captain Brackett's company B, of the Second Cavalry, with a line of infantry, composed of the Michigan Second, and the New York Twelfth, some distance in the rear. A steady fire was kept up on both sides in this position.

The whole force on our side engaged was seven regiments, Colonel Richardson's Brigade and Colonel Sherman's. Only portions of each were actually under fire. Sherman's battery was actively engaged.

The Rebels had two batteries of eight pieces in a position commanding the road. They used their guns well, except that they fired sometimes too high, but were gallantly faced by our troops. They did not reply to our regular fire for half an hour, during which time they were receiving large reinforcements. In the meantime, Col. Richardson's brigade reconnoitred the woods. While the troops were again thus advancing, they were met with a raking fire. Our guns were again put in position, and poured grape and canister among the enemy until the supply was exhausted. These guns were commanded by Captain Ayers. Gen. Tyler commanded in person, and acted gallantly. Capt. Ayres of the artillery, lost one killed and three wounded.

Several of the pieces were disabled.

The New York Twelfth suffered most, next to the Massachusetts First.

At half past four o'clock Gen. Tyler ordered the troops to retire, it being necessary to relieve Capt. Brackett's cavalry, which had done the most effective service.

The day was exceedingly hot, and the horses thirsting for water, which could only be obtained at Centreville. Only about 1,000 of our troops were at any time engaged. The rebel force is estimated at 4,000.

The Confederates who fought our troops at the Run are supposed to be those who were driven back from the various points between Fairfax Court House and Centreville, in addition to a reinforcement of five regiments which were brought up from Manassas Junction during the action, which continued about five hours.

Despite the various rumors of the condition of affairs at the close of yesterday, it may be characterized as a drawn battle; there being no decided result. The Confederates nowhere showed themselves during the battle, they being altogether concealed by woods, ravines and entrenchments, from which they directed their fire.

The members of the house who witnessed the fight were Messrs. McClernand, Richardson, Lovejoy and Logan, of Illinois, Noel, of Missouri, Dunn, of Indiana, and ex-Representative Howard, of New York. It is Col. McClernand's belief, from what he ascertained while at the seat of war, that the Confederates had yesterday upwards of 50,000 men at the Junction, or who could be there concentrated.

BULL'S RUN, July 19th, 5 P. M.—From careful inquiries it is ascertained that the number wounded yesterday, on the Federal side, reaches sixty and the killed forty. Several amputations have been performed. The wounded, for the greater part, are quartered in an old stone church, where every attention is being paid to their comfort. Fourteen of the dead were buried this morning.

A negro, who has arrived from the rebels, reports that his master, Colonel Fontaine, of Warrenton, was killed, together with a large number of rebels. This statement is corroborated by a member of the Massachusetts First, who was in the engagement. Thirteen prisoners captured by the Federal troops, are now on the way to Washington.

Our whole army are encamped here within a circuit of two miles, and no further movement will be made to-day. Eleven prisoners were taken to-day, who belong to a South Carolina regiment. They say that Beauregard is within a mile of the scene of our fight with 35,000 men, all in the woods. We have fifty-four cannon, part of which are heavy siege guns, but the rebels being all in the woods, we cannot use them.

Yesterday the New York Twelfth Volunteers, are said to have acted cowardly. When the rebels fired a volley that passed twenty feet over their heads, they ran to a house and barn, across a field, and got inside and around them. When they retreated, they left a number of our wounded on the edge of the woods, and the enemy bayoneted them. The army will not move before to-morrow or Sunday, and then will surround them. In the meantime, reinforcements are being sent by railroad, which is now open to Fairfax. Our force now at Centreville is about 40,000 men.

The discharge of musketry by the rebels was so heavy that bushels of balls have been gathered up, and some of our boys will fire them back. It is estimated that they discharged twenty-five thousand rounds.

The body of Lieutenant Smith, of Boston, an officer in the First Massachusetts Regiment, has been brought in, with seven bullets in it.

In the opinion of officers who witnessed the engagement, their platoon firing was remarkably regular and effective, and their guns were served with great precision. They were twice reinforced, and, occupying a very strong position behind entrenchments in a wooded slope, covered by the creek, were too much for the small force opposed to them, which was not, in the judgment of military men, more than a fourth of their number.

Our men, who were drawn up in line along the creek, with the horses of the dismounted cavalry behind them, fell back somewhat, but in good order and fighting bravely.

After the firing had ceased, Gen. Schenck's Brigade proceeded up the Gainesville road with a view to flank the positions of the three most prominent batteries at the junction, as well as to intercept the downward passage of any trains with reinforcements from the upper valley.

GOOD BEHAVIOUR OF THE TROOPS AT CENTREVILLE.—No male citizens were visible in the village, and the few white females there wore brighter faces that their sisters of Germantown. When the enemy evacuated the place (its males having been impressed the day before), the women fled to the woods with their children and movables, leaving only one there. They had been told that it was the purpose of the d—d Yankees to burn the town and kill all the male white children. The women left, on realizing that no harm whatever was being done to person or property by our advance on entering the village, and brought those who had fled back by a negro messenger.

I found no detachment of our troops in the abandoned works or the village, though Federal stragglers were lounging about both. Gen. Tyler had ordered all the front doors to be left open (to prevent assassin shots from the houses), and the men were freely passing in and out of them, for water, &c. Not a disrespectful word even had been uttered in Centreville, by a single Federal soldier, nor had any one there been robbed to the value of a penny by them. The effect of their capital behaviour there has been most happy, indeed, making up for it at Fairfax and Germantown.

ANOTHER BATTLE.

THE ENTRENCHMENTS AT BULL'S RUN TAKEN—THE ENEMY DRIVEN BACK TO MANASSAS JUNCTION.

On Sunday last, early in the morning, the attack was renewed on Bull's Run, and it is reported that after nine hours' hard fighting, and much loss, the enemy was driven back from their first line of defence on Bull's Run to Manassas Junction.

Bull's Run is about three miles from the Junction. It is reported as we go to press that the U. S. forces are shelling the entrenched camp at the Junction.

It is believed that Gen. Johnston has left Winchester, and succeeded in uniting his forces with those of Beauregard. Gen. Patterson's movements were probably hampered by the expiration of the time of his three months' men. He is said to have been superseded by Gen. Banks, Gen. Dix taking the latter's place.

Our troops advanced as follows:—Col. Richardson proceeded on the left with four regiments of the Fourth Brigade, to hold the Battery hill on the Warrenton road, in the vicinity of the ground where the last battle was fought. Schenck's and Sherman's Brigades, of Tyler's Division, advanced by the Warrenton road, while Heintzelman's and Hunter's Divisions took the fork of the Warrenton road to move between Bull's Run and the Manassas Junction. Col. Key's Brigade remained at Centreville.

Information was received by Gen. Tyler's command of the existence of the enemy's battery commanding the road. Our troops were then formed in battle array. The Second New York and Second Ohio on the left, the —— Ohio and Second Wisconsin, and Seventy-ninth, Thirteenth and Sixty-ninth New York on the right. Col. Miles' Division followed in the rear.

The first range gun was fired by Sherman's Battery at 10 minutes of 7. The rebels did not return his shot until an hour and a half afterwards. When Col. Hunter's Division came up the battle became general. The latter's movement to gain the enemy's rear was almost a success.

The positions of the enemy extended in three lines in the form of a triangle, the apex fronting the centre of our column. The area seems to have been filled with masked batteries.

The most gallant charge of the day was made by the New York Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth and Thirteenth, who rushed upon one of the batteries, firing as they proceeded with perfect eclat, and attacking it at the bayonet's point.

The yell of triumph seemed to carry all before it. They found that the Rebels had abandoned the battery, taking only one gun; but this success was acquired only after a severe loss of life, in which the 69th were the greatest sufferers, and it was reported that the Lieut. Colonel was among the first killed.

The Zouaves also distinguished themselves by their spirited assaults on the batteries at the point of the bayonet, but it is feared that their loss is immense.

Up to 3 o'clock P. M., it was generally understood that we had hemmed in the enemy entirely, and that they were gradually retiring; that Hunter had driven them back in the rear; that Heintzelman's command was meeting with every success, and that it required but the reserve of Tyler's division to push on to Manassas Junction.

A Mississippi soldier was taken prisoner by Hasbrouck, of the Wisconsin Second. He turned out to be Brigade-Quartermaster Pryor, a cousin of Roger A. Pryor. He was captured with his horses, he by accident riding into our lines. He discovered himself by remarking to Hasbrouck, "We are getting badly cut to pieces." "What regiment do you belong to?" asked Hasbrouck. "The Nineteenth Mississippi," was the answer. "Then you are my prisoner," said Hasbrouck.

From the statements of this prisoner, it appears that our artillery has created great havoc among the rebels, of whom there is from 30,000 to 40,000 in the field, under the command of Beauregard, while they have a reserve of 75,000 at the Junction. He describes an officer most prominent in the fight, distinguished from the rest by his white horse, as Jeff. Davis. He confirms the previous report of a negro regiment in the rebel ranks, but says it is difficult to get them into proper discipline in battle array. (All this is doubtful.)

The smoke of the battle could be seen from the eminences in Washington. Numbers of members of Congress, and even ladies, went to the neighborhood of Bull's Run to witness the battle. One of them reports that Colonel Hunter, of the Third Cavalry, but acting as Major-General, was seriously, if not mortally wounded. It is stated with confidence in al quarters that Col. Cameron, of the Seventy Ninth New York, and brother to the Secretary of War, and Col. Slocum, of the Second Rhode Island, were killed. The loss, there is little doubt, is very heavy on both sides.

The number who were killed and wounded in the *first* battle and have since died of their wounds, is now said to have been 59 in all, 17 of them belonging to the Massachusetts First, and two to the New York Twelfth.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Official despatches from Gen. McDowell to the War Department, received at 5 o'clock this afternoon, announce that the battle at Bull's Run recommenced at 7 o'clock this morning, lasting until 4 o'clock this afternoon, when the Bull Run batteries were taken and the Confederate troops were routed and driven back with terrible slaughter to Manassas Junction.

A BALTIMOREAN belonging to the Confederate army, arrived in Baltimore on Saturday, having in charge the body of a personal friend, another Baltimorean, who was killed at the battle of Bull's Run, on Thursday. He says the number killed on the Confederate side was three hundred, among whom were forty members of the Maryland Guard, and some others of them badly wounded.

LATER NEWS.

U. S. FORCES REPULSED—AND RETREATING TO WASHINGTON.

[OFFICIAL DESPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Our troops after taking three batteries and gaining a great victory, were eventually repulsed and commenced a retreat on Washington.

The retreat is in good order, with the rear well covered by a good column.

Our loss is from 2,500 to 3,000.

The fortifications around Washington are strongly reinforced by fresh troops.

Gen. McClellan was still at Beverly on the 20th. In an address to his men he says:—

"I am more than satisfied with you. You have annihilated two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, entrenched in mountain fastnesses, and fortified at their leisure. You have taken five guns, twelve colors, fifteen hundred stand of arms, one thousand prisoners, including more than forty officers. One of the second commanders of the rebels is a prisoner, the other lost his life on the field of battle. You have killed more than two hundred and fifty of the enemy, who has lost all his baggage and camp equipage.

"All this has been accomplished with the loss of twenty brave men killed, and sixty wounded on your part."

POSTSCRIPT.

A DISASTROUS DEFEAT.

We have room simply to announce to our readers, that, after the successes reported in our regular edition, the army under General McDowell suffered a very disastrous defeat. Whether the enemy were reinforced by Gen. Johnston, or were in larger force than supposed, is not yet known—but the result was a spirited movement on their part, and a regular panic and stampede on the part of the U. S. troops, disgraceful in the extreme. It was impossible to rally them either at Centreville or Fairfax, and they retreated back to Washington. The loss is said to be very heavy.

Sherman's, Carlisle's and the West Point Batteries were taken by the enemy, and the eight siege 32-pound rifled cannon, the latter being too cumbrous to move. They were left two miles the other side of Centreville.

It is supposed that all the provision trains belonging to the U. S. Government were saved. Some regimental wagons were overturned by accident or the wheels came off, and had therefore to be abandoned. Large droves of cattle were saved by being driven back in the advance of the retreat.

It is supposed here that Gen. Mansfield will take command of the fortifications on the other side of the river, which are able, it is said by military engineers, to hold them against any force the enemy may bring.—Large rifled cannon and mortars are being rapidly sent over and mounted.

An officer just from Virginia at half-past ten on Monday, reports that the road from Centreville to the Potomac is strewed with stragglers. The troops are resuming the occupation of the fortifications and entrenchments on the line of the Potomac.

The enemy does not seem to have made a vigorous pursuit. Col. Wilcox and Capt. McCook are reported killed. The loss is put down at from 2,500 to 3,000.

We must "pick our flints and try it again"—or be perpetually disgraced.

☞ As Col. Davis's regiment was passing through Baltimore without a band, some Secessionist tauntingly asked "Where is your music?" "*In our cartridge boxes!*" replied the gallant commander.

☞ A small lie, if it actually *is* a lie, condemns a man as much as a big and black falsehood. If a man will deliberately cheat to the amount of a single cent, give him opportunity and he would cheat to any amount.

☞ A Warlike Fish.—The Pike (also the Sword Fish).

☞ An exchange says secession is now believed to be a bilious complaint, generated in the low, marshy districts of the South.

☞ HOUSES FOR JEFF.—The people of Nashville wish to have that city the seat of government of Jeff. Davis, and offer him a $150,000 house as an inducement. The Savannah city government have already bought a $50,000 house for Davis. He can occupy them successively as his capital and Congress moves southward from Richmond.

☞ A sensible writer says:—"If there is one error more dangerous than another, in the pursuit of knowledge, it is to fancy that we have arrived at the whole truth, when we have arrived at only a part. All the religious persecution in history, most of the oppressive wars, and even many of the personal crimes, have had their origin in this sort of incomplete knowledge, and in the supposition that it was perfect."

"MARCH," said the Colonel, "forward march!"
Crack went the seams in halves;
A hundred steps, a hundred men
Showed just two hundred calves.

☞ Since the election of a speaker in the National House of Representatives, there have been unmistakable indications that the Union sentiment is bound to Grow.

☞ Very bad habits—the habits of the army-clothing contractors.

☞ It is neither kind nor charitable, nor doing as one would be done by, to aid a person in getting a situation for which he is unfit.

CULTIVATED MUDSILLS.—As a proof that the men of the North who compose the great army which has so promptly rushed to the defence of the Union are not the vagrants of society seeking bread and the adventurous life of the soldier, such as fill the ranks of armies in other countries, but are men who have a stake in society, and have left at home those domestic ties which knit a man to his country, it may be mentioned that a single mail on Friday brought to the Second Wisconsin Regiment near four hundred letters and papers, and another day near five hundred; and one Rhode Island regiment of thirteen hundred men received by one mail above one thousand letters and papers. We learn, moreover, that the booksellers in this city have frequent occasion to remark the literary culture and scholarly taste evinced by many privates of the different regiments in the applications made for books. It is no uncommon thing to find them inquiring for a portable copy of some Latin classic or other work belonging to the higher walks of polite literature.—*Nat. Int.*

THE FIELD TELEGRAPH.—Engineer Rogers, of New York, recently put in operation on the Virginia side of the Potomac, his newly invented telegraphic cordage or insulated line, for field operations, and it proved eminently successful, giving entire satisfaction in the manner in which it operated. It is run off reels upon the ground with great rapidity, (as required for instant use,) across streams, through woods, or over any localities. Lines were yesterday, in extraordinary short time, thus laid between the head-quarters of Gen. McDowell and two or three of his most advanced camps, and were worked in immediate connection with the telegraph station in the War Department. It is worthy of note that the heaviest artillery may run over this Rogers' cordage without damaging its effectiveness in the least. It differs in many respects from the field telegraph used by Louis Napoleon in the Italian war, and embraces many advantages of convenient and certain operation under any possible circumstances over that (Louis Napoleon's) which contributed so signally to the success of the French arms.

GENERAL PATTERSON AT CHARLESTOWN.—Charlestown, Va., July 18, A. M.—Gen. Patterson, this morning received information that General Johnson's forces had retreated five miles beyond Winchester.

The bridge at Harper's Ferry has been completed, thus reopening the communication between the Maryland and Virginia shore at this point. Harper's Ferry was to-day occupied by the Federal troops.

The reason for not moving direct on Winchester was that Winchester is defended on the north side by strong breastworks in the form of the letter V, leaving the town at the southern base of the angle. It cannot be attacked on that side without exposing the troops to a destructive cross-fire. The west side is defended by a pallisade, but the east side is only covered by a rail. On this side there is also an eminence which commands the town. This eminence has been left unoccupied, and it is thought to be the design of Gen. Patterson to secure it as a base of his operations.

CONFISCATING UNION PROPERTY.—The New Orleans Delta is savage at the useless "humanity and moderation" of the rebel leaders. It wants a full stop put to all payment of Northern debts, and calls attention to the large amount of property in Louisiana held by persons or their agents in the North. It mentions three cases, viz.:—

"Gen. Patterson, in command of a large force now advancing on Virginia; Captain Adams, who commands the squadron which is now depredating on the property of Southern citizens; and Dr. Wood, Surgeon-General of the United States Army. These officers all own large properties in the South. Gen. Patterson holds a large amount of the paper of our planters. He is even now, through his attorney, endeavoring to execute a judgment for $30,000 on a plantation owned by a widow lady in this State. Capt. Henry Adams has a large interest in a plantation and negroes in this State, and Surgeon-General Wood has a large force of negroes working on a plantation in Louisiana."

THE OLD AND THE NEW SULTAN.—The late Abdul Medjid, a mild and intelligent Prince, gave himself up to intemperance and the pleasures of the seraglio, and thus has died from exhaustion at the early age of thirty-eight. His eldest son, twenty-two years of age, and now heir to the throne, is already feeble and exhausted from the same pernicious habits. But the brother of the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, who has ascended the throne, is quite another sort of man. Brought up in seclusion in one of the retreats of the seraglio, almost a prisoner to his brother, the Sultan, he is said to be quiet, austere, temperate in all his habits, and on the question of money, penurious. This last, in the present empty condition of the treasury, will not be the least of his merits.

MISSOURI.—Recent advices state that Gov. Jackson and Gen. McCullough were at Camp Walker, in Arkansas, ten miles south of the Missouri line—their pickets extending up to Neosho, thirty miles. Gen. Pope had established his head-quarters in North Missouri—his command will be 7,000 strong. Several small bodies of the rebels were at various points, carrying on a kind of guerilla warfare.

THE NEW TARIFF.—No change will be made in the duties on iron. The duties on sugars range from 2½ to 6 cts. per pound, according to form and quality, molasses 5 cts. per gallon, all teas 15, and all coffees 5 cts. per pound. Cocoa the same. Salt 18 cts. per 100 pounds. Russia Hemp 40. Manilla and other hemps of India $25 per ton. The bill is not passed yet.

FORTRESS MONROE.—A party of six who went out on a private scout, were surprised by twenty of the enemy, and Major Rawlings of the Kentucky cavalry killed. Lieutenant Johnson and Mr. Snurtleff, of the Illustrated News, were supposed to be wounded and prisoners. The rest escaped. Two of the enemy were killed.

☞ SOUTHERN IDEA OF THE WAR—A FACT.—South Carolina soldier to a comrade.—I say, Tom, hanged if I know what's the cause of this yer war. Tom.—Why, I tell you it's a row about some cotton.

☞ A fellow taken as a vagrant, declared that he was not a man without any visible means of subsistence, as he had just opened a store. It was found, on inquiry, that he had opened it with a crowbar in the night, and unfortunately, the store belonged to another man.

☞ We hear a great deal about the duty of filial obedience, but who says anything about parental obligation? Neglect of children is a common sin of the times, and not so much among the poor as among the rich. It is not enough to bequeath money to children. Give them counsel, example, discipline—that is, give them a share of your *time*.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWNING.

Mrs. **Elizabeth Barrett Browning** died at Florence on the 29th of June, in the 53d year of her age. Beginning to write at an early age, in 1826 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled "An Essay on Mind, with other Poems." In 1833 she again appeared before the public in a volume entitled "Prometheus Bound, and other Poems." From an article in the *Philadelphia Press* we take the following:—

Miss Mitford has recorded, in her pleasant "Recollections of a Literary Life," that her acquaintance with Miss Barrett commenced about 1836. She says:—"She certainly was one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translatress of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language, was *out.* I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and familiarly that, in spite of the difference of age, intimacy ripened in friendship, and after my return into the country, we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be—her own talk put upon paper."

In 1838, "The Seraphim, and other Poems," was published, and, very soon after, Miss Barrett's health so much failed that she was ordered to winter at Torquay, a sea-town in Devonshire, which, from its renovating salubrity, has been called the Montpelier of England. She was accompanied by her elder brother—a man worthy of such relationship—and other relatives. A twelvemonth's residence here had nearly restored her health, when the accidental death of her brother, who, with two of his friends, was drowned, almost before her eyes, gave a shock to her nervous system which made her an invalid for years, confined her to her own rooms, in her father's London residence, where she rarely saw any but her near relatives and familiar friends. Still, the impulse to write was unabated, and the power was increased. In 1839 appeared "The Romaunt of the Page." Soon after to the *London Athenæum* she gave a series of thoughtful, critical, and appreciative articles on the Greek Christian Poets. The first collective edition of her poems was published in 1844. A few of her earlier compositions, with some new pieces, were included in this collection, among which was that remarkable poem "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," the peculiar rhythm and some of the effects of which appear to have materially influenced, if they did not suggest, Poe's "Raven," written subsequently. Miss Mitford records that Miss Barrett's "Lady Geraldine" was composed in only twelve hours. It bears palpable marks of haste, and would be greatly improved by having some of its diffuseness condensed. Still it is a marvellous poem.

The *miracle* which she did not expect—her recovery to health—was performed, and the god who executed it was the eternal Eros. What medicine, time, diet, patience, and skilled as well as tender treatment failed to effect, was accomplished, under Providence, by Love.

In a very accurate and well-written memoir of Miss Barrett, in the *New American Cyclopædia,* it is mentioned that, in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," there is a graceful compliment to Mr. Browning, to whom she had not been previously known. The poet, Bertram, is spoken of as reading to Geraldine, sometimes Spencer or Petrarch,

> Or at times a modern volume,—Wordsworth's
> solemn-thoughted idyl,
> Howitt's ballad-verse, or Tennyson's enchanted
> reverie,—
> Or from Browning some "Pomegranate," which,
> if cut deep in the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined
> humanity!

The grateful poet called to express, in person, his acknowledgments, and was admitted into the invalid's presence by the happy mistake of a new servant. At any rate, he did see her, and had permission to renew his visit. The mutual attraction grew more powerful, and the convergence more rapid—the acquaintance became the friend was transformed into the lover. Kind physicians and tender nurses had long watched over the couch of sickness; but Love, the magician, brought restorative influences before unknown, and her health so far improved that she did not hesitate to accept the hand that was offered to her. She became the wife of Robert Browning, in the autumn of 1846.

The birth and fullness of the passion which thus literally enabled the sick poetess to take up her bed and walk, are tenderly recorded in her so-called Sonnets from the Portuguese—the most spiritual exposition of love ever made. Hers was what is called a runaway match, the family not having the remotest idea or intimation of what was intended. But the loved daughter was speedily welcomed back to her father's home and heart.

Mr. Robert Browning—who would be a poet, if he would only *blot*—was three years younger than his wife, and, when they married, one of the handsomest men in London, with lofty stature, good figure, purple-black hair in wild profusion, and fine features, rather of the Jewish cast.

Immediately after their marriage, the two singing birds went to Italy, where they have since resided—at Pisa for a short time, at Florence for the last eleven years. The lady's fortune, sufficient for elegant but uncostly living, was increased, in 1855, by a bequest of $40,000 from the late John Kenyon, a wealthy literary amateur who had known the lady from her childhood. We believe that two children were the fruit of the union of Mr. Browning and Miss Barrett. One of these is dead. When last we saw Mrs. Browning, it was in Paris, in 1852, and in the bonny, happy-looking, and rather buxom wife, who cheerfully talked, with a child upon her knee, it was difficult to recognize the sickly, pale poetess, apparently meant to be "an old maid," if she survived, whom we had known a very few years before.

There is a fine portrait of Mrs. Browning, in her happy wedded life, in the possession of Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., of this city. It was painted for him by Thomas Buchanan Read, the poet-artist. A copy of this, engraved by Mr. John Sartain, of this city, appeared about a year ago in the New York Eclectic Magazine. It is a good likeness—but the original had not the look of a poetess. "Aurora Leigh," her most important work, was published in 1856.

WESTERN COLLECTIONS.—A large shoe firm in this city informs us that there is a marked improvement in July over the June collections. For the first, second and third weeks in June their weekly remittances did not exceed $1,000 per week. Since July 1st they have been over $3,000.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE CROPS IN EGYPT.—A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Egypt, says:—The harvest this year in Egypt is magnificent, and the price of grain are expected to be two-thirds lower than they were last year.

SECESSION MOVEMENTS ABROAD.

The Rev. Dr. Patton writes to the *New York Independent* as follows:

I said that the first convictions (in England) were that the rebellion would be a success, and that the destruction of the Union was inevitable. Now this conviction was not innate; it was produced by the operation of appropriate means—means which convinced *The London Times* and other papers—means which convinced leading shipping and manufacturing interests—means which convinced members of Parliament—here I will stop; though I might go still higher up. Here I stop to tell you what did thus powerfully operate and so deeply move all the selfish interests of this people. A few days since, when conversing with the editor of ——, a most reliable man, on the American trouble, I expressed my amazement that with all the demonstrations of anti-slavery sentiment in England, there should be such sympathy for the South, and so much of coolness toward the North, and that there should be such confidence in the success of the South. He fixed his eye on me for a moment most searchingly, and then said, "I can explain it all. I tell you that the programme of the secession was well known here in England before a single blow was struck in America." "This I can hardly believe." "Believe it or not, as you please, but *I know it.* A member of Parliament, in this very room where we are now sitting, detailed the whole plan to me last winter, and he assured me that it was known to a number of the members of Parliament. He stated that the army and navy would be dispersed—that the treasury would be emptied and brought into debt—that the arms and ammunition would be removed to the forts South—that these forts would all be seized by the troops of the Confederates—that they would rush upon Washington, holding it by military force, and thus break up the Government and destroy the Union—that the South were all united, and that they had the entire Democratic party North as allies so that there would be no hope for the North. They must submit to the terms the South should dictate." "I am much obliged to you for this information, but how on earth could you get it?" With a smile on his face, and a knowing twinkle in his eye, he said, "*The South had their agents here,* authorized to communicate and to act. These, under pledges of secrecy, and perhaps with special appliances appealing to self-interest, revealed the plan. When any man inquired of the embassador for information, this oracle was dumb. When they applied to the consul, it was all confirmed. And when the secession began and progressed, as the programme stated, with nothing to impede it as long as Buchanan's term lasted; and when Lincoln was with difficulty inaugurated, and the capital threatened—when Baltimore and Virginia played the part marked in the bill of fare, do you wonder that the feeling was that the secession would be a success? Do you wonder that editors spoke as they did in their columns, or that men of business and manufacturers felt as they did, or that Members of Parliament were forward to make motions, or that Lord John Russell made haste to recognize them as a 'belligerent power'?—But the programme has not all been carried out, and probably will not be. Things are changed, and there will be a corresponding change in public sentiment, but it will take a little time." These were revelations. I had suspicions that the active agents of the South had been at work; but that they had poisoned so many fountains and had pushed their way so near the throne, I did not suspect. These revelations of what was done in the dark explain the strange things that did appear in the light. I have spoken of this conversation to several Americans, and from one who has often been in this country, and who is intimate in high circles, I received the fullest confirmation. He assured me that identically the same facts he had from an entirely different source—a source that could not possibly leave him in any doubt of the fact that the whole plan was known here, and the result waited for. Hence the confidence with which the papers spoke; hence the feelings in the commercial and manufacturing circles; and hence the urgency of certain members of Parliament to have immediate action.

A CHAPTER UPON CIRCUMLOCUTION.—A day or two since an unsophisticated darkey waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of $1,15, for washing done at the camp hospital, which, after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity:

"This bill," said the military gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the Quartermaster-General at Washington, and he will report to the Adjutant General, who will lay it before the Secretary of War for his approval. The Adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the Auditor of State, who will approve of it, and send it to the Secretary of the Treasury, who will send it to the United States Treasurer, who will at once dispatch an order to the Collector of this port to pay the bill."

The darkey relieved himself of a long drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gemblam you spoke of pays for de washing, does he?"

"No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the Quartermaster; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be appointed by the Secretary of War, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. When this commission is received, the Quartermaster will show it to the Collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him; he will examine your bill, and, if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt."

The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu!"

"CONFEDERATE."—This word is, by the common usage of our language, generally employed in a bad sense. The Psalmist speaks of the foes of Jehovah as "confederate" against Him. Shakspeare speaks of "vile confederates," and "false confederates," of being "confederate with a damned pack," the beast Caliban and his "confederates," and similar instances. Cowper speaks of hellish foes "confederate" for his harm. We say that men are "confederates" for an evil purpose. Seldom do we see the word used for a good one. The adoption of this word by the Seceders will confirm this usage. They are confederates to uphold a most infernal system by means the most abominable.

We may add that the only English play in which every character is morally worthless, is Vanburgh's "Confederacy," and from this comedy even Mr. Jefferson Davis and Mr. Robert Toombs might obtain hints for new contrivances of rascality. To be sure, the word has its honest and honorable meaning, but still throughout English literature it will be generally found that good men "unite" and "combine" to carry their objects, while rogues always "confederate."—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ Man has a far more beautiful empire than woman, for the empires of the sexes are each other's hearts.

FUNERAL OF MRS. LONGFELLOW.—The funeral of the lamented wife of Prof. Longfellow took place at noon on the 13th, at her late residence in Cambridge, and was very largely attended. The remains were laid out in the library, where the terrible accident occurred, and it was a singular circumstance that the flames in no wise disfigured the beautiful face of the victim. The Rev. Dr. Peabody conducted the services at the house, and Rev. Dr. Gannett at the tomb. A procession of 100 carriages, including 30 from Boston, followed the remains to Mount Auburn, where they were deposited in a tomb on Indian Ridge. They were enshrined within a rich rosewood casket, heavily silvered. On the massive silver plate was the following inscription, cut in old English characters: "Frances Elizabeth Longfellow, born 6th October, 1817, died 10th July, 1861." The sufferings of Mr. Longfellow were so great that he was unable to attend the ceremonies. The funeral of the deceased occurred on the anniversary of her wedding-day.—*Boston Papers.*

A CHAIN BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.—The Cincinnati Enquirer has information that the Confederates have erected a chain cable bridge across the Mississippi at Randolph, 60 miles above Memphis:—The cable is made of three chains, the iron of each link being an inch and a half in thickness. This cable is laid on a number of flat boats stretched across the river, and anchored above and below by heavy sea anchors and chains. Next to the Tennessee shore there is an opening for the passage up and down of such steamers as are permitted by the Confederates. About one hundred yards below this gap, on a bluff, are planted six batteries of heavy cannon, so that the approach of any steamer to that opening from the north would result in her being blown to atoms. The bridge is said, to be an ingenious contrivance, and one that cannot be removed very easily.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour are light. The week's sales reach 11,000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, at from $3,50 up to 4,75 for Western superfine and extras, and from $5 to 5,50 for good Western and Penna extra and extra family, including 2500 bbls Western extra and extra family, 1000 bbls W B Thomas superfine, part new Wheat, 2000 bbls fresh ground Brandywine, 1800 bbls Broad street mills extra, 1200 bbls Jenny Lind family, 300 half bbls do, all on terms kept private, and 200 bbls middlings at $3 ꝑ bbl. The sales to the trade have been moderate within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $5,75 to 6,50 ꝑ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull and nearly nominal at $3,25 ꝑ bbl. Corn Meal is also dull, and Penna Meal is offered at $2,62½@2,75, without sales; 200 bbls Brandywine Meal sold at $2,87½ ꝑ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of old Wheat have fallen off, but new Southern red is beginning to come in more freely, and prices well maintained. The week's sales reach about 30,000 bus, in lots, at 110@112c for new Southern and Jersey reds, in store and afloat, mostly at the latter rate for prime, including white, in small lots, at 115@120c, the latter for prime; some old Western Penna reds at 110@114c; Southern do at 115@118c, and spring at 80@83½c. Rye is lower, and some 4000 bus, mostly Penna, sold at 57c. Corn is wanted at fully former rates, and 20,000 bus were disposed of at 51@53c for fair to good and prime yellow, in store and afloat, the latter for prime Southern, and 48@49c for Western mixed. The receipts are light, and prime lots scarce. Oats are better, and 20,000 bus found buyers at 28@29c for Penna and 27@28c for Southern, closing firm at the latter figures.

PROVISIONS—Barrelled Meats are very inactive, and a small business only to note in Pork at $16@16,50 for Mess; Beef is also dull, and Western Mess sells as wanted at $12; city packed is steady at $15@16 ꝑ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to Hams, at 8½@9c for plain, and 10@10½c for bagged: a sale of clear Sides was made at 8c; Shoulders are quoted at 6@6½c, and dull. Green Meats are quiet, with some further sales of Hams in pickle at 7½@8c, on time, nothing doing in Sides or Shoulders to alter quotations. Of Lard the receipts and sales continue light, at 9@9½c for tcs and bbls, and 9½@10c for kegs, usual terms, the latter for prime Western. Butter moves off slowly at 8@9c for packed. Cheese is steady at 6@7c ꝑ lb; and Eggs dull at 11c ꝑ dozen, and the sales of both limited.

COTTON—The market has been quiet; sales limited, within the range of 12@16½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and short time.

ASHES are firm, and a small business doing at quotations.

BARK is unsettled and lower, with rather more doing at the decline, and about 100 hhds have been disposed of, in lots, at $27@28 for 1st No 1, holders generally ask the latter rate. Tanners' bark is unchanged, with further sales of Spanish at $9@10, and Chestnut oak at $8 ꝑ cord.

BEESWAX—There is little or none offering or selling, and prices are nominally unchanged.

COAL—orders come in freely from the East; prices are well maintained and firm, with a fair business to note for the season both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE is better; about 1500 bags, at 12½@15c for Rio, and 15@15½c for Laguayra, including 300 bags St Domingo at 13½c.

COPPER continues dull and neglected. Yellow Metal is steady at 17c ꝑ lb, usual time.

FRUIT—Green fruit is beginning to arrive, and commands full prices.

HAY is rather firmer, Timothy selling as wanted at 65@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet, and the demand limited.

HOPS are firmer, but the sales continue light, prices ranging at 15@22c for new crop Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is more inquiry for Pig Metal, but at prices below the views of holders. In Manufactured Iron there is very little doing.

LEAD is firmer, with little or no stock out of the hands of manufacturers.

LUMBER continues dull. Susquehanna Boards range at $11@14, and Lehigh Hemlock do at $10. Laths and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled; sales of the former are making at $1,20. Southern Shingles are all out of first hands, of White Pine do, further sales are making at $12@16 ꝑ M.

MOLASSES is held with more firmness, and prices are 2c better. Small sales of Cuba are reported at 18@22c, and New Orleans at 34@35c, on time.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote Soft nominally at $2@2,25 ꝑ ton.

RICE—The stock is light, and the sales mostly in retail way at 5½@6c ꝑ lb.

SEEDS continue almost at a stand still, and without any change to note in prices, which are nearly nominal; a few small sales of Clover are reported at $4,75 ꝑ bus. Calcutta Linseed has advanced at the East. A sale is reported here at about $1,55.

SPIRITS are firmer and very inactive, with a limited business doing in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum steady at 28@30c. Whiskey is firmer and selling more freely at 16@16½c for bbls; Drudge is scarce with small sales at 19c.

SUGARS are more active and bringing better prices; sales reach about 2300 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 5@5¾c for refining grades, [illegible] for grocery qualities, including Porto Rico and New Orleans, in lots at 5½@7c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is dull and neglected; city is quoted at 7¾@8c, and country at 7½c, with small sales at the latter figures.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing, and the market for both Leaf and Manufactured is firm but quiet at the advance.

WOOL—The demand for this staple is limited and mostly confined to the low and medium grades, within the range of 25@38c, net cash, for coarse and common up to quarter blood, including some pulled at 22@25c; fine fleeces unsaleable, except at about our highest figures.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1627 head. The prices realized were from 8 to 9c ꝑ lb. 60 Cows brought from $20 to 25 ꝑ head. 9000 Sheep were sold at from $5,50 to 6,50 ꝑ cwt. 800 Hogs sold at from $5 to 5,75 ꝑ cwt. net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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BROWN'S DANDELION COFFEE.
We commend to the notice of our readers the advertisement of the above coffee, with the assurance that it is only necessary to give it a trial to take the place of all other coffee. The price being only one half the cost of the best Java, or Mocha, independently of its being more wholesome, is an object in the present depressed state of the times. jy20-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of June, 1861, by the Rev. J. Thos. Murray, JOSEPH KENWORTHY, to ELIZABETH F. KOHL, daughter of the late Israel Kohl, both of Frankford.

On July 4th, 1861, by Josiah Shivers, Esq. Col. ANDREW McCREADY, to SUSANNAH SMITH, both of the city of Camden, N. J.

On June 8th, 1861, by the Rev. R. A. Fleischman, Mr. WILLIAM W. SHEPHERD, to Miss LOUISA ORTH, both of this city.

July 10th, 1861, by the Rev. Doctor Newton, THOMAS W. MACKEADY, to Miss MAGGIE A. SPENCE, both of this city.

On the 11th of July, by the Rev. David Steel, Mr. ALEXANDER FOSTER, to Miss ELIZABETH FOSTER, both of this city.

On the 30th of June, by the Rev. James Reed, Mr. THOMAS F. KEE, to KATE CUNNINGHAM, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN C. LEISTER, to Miss MARY A. HESSELPOTH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday evening, 17th instant, WILLIAM YARD, son of Pearson Yard, in his 46th year.

On the 14th instant, VICTORIA BLACKWOOD, wife of the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, of this city, aged 44 years.

At Cresson Springs, on the 12th instant, JAS. M. LESLIE, of this city, in his 35th year.

On the 14th instant, HARRIET W. wife of Thos. Dolan, and daughter of Frederick Helmbold, Esq. in her 21st year.

On the morning of the 12th instant, Mr. JAMES MAYBIN, aged 58 years.

On the 16th instant, at Walnut Grove, near Centre Bridge, Bucks county, Pa. JOHN L. JOHNSON, in his 79th year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH DUNCAN, wife of Jas. Duncan, in her 66th year.

On the 14th instant, JOHN H. METZ, son of the late George and Catharine Metz, in his 36th year.

At Manayunk, on Sunday morning, 14th instant, ABRAHAM MILLER, in his 74th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 20, 1861.

Alabama	30 dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	15 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	5 dis.	New Jersey par to	¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	25 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	65 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	20 dis.
Indiana	14 dis.	Nova Scotia	15 dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania par to	1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	1 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	65 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

THE SEAT OF WAR.—Just Published.—A new Map, on a large scale, ten miles to one inch—of the Seat of War in Eastern and Western Virginia, taken from actual surveys, as published by order of the Board of Public Improvements in Virginia, United States Coast Surveys, and other authentic sources entirely reliable.
It is the only Map on a large scale exhibiting the Union counties in Western Virginia where the United States mail is sent; embracing all of Maryland, Delaware and part of Pennsylvania and Ohio, showing all the railroads and principal towns and places.
On the same sheet is a smaller map, exhibiting distinctly the Seat of War in Missouri and the Valley of the Mississippi extending from the Gulf of Mexico to North Missouri, and from Virginia to Kansas.
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HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, in Philadelphia.
The regular course of Lectures in this institution will *commence* on the Fourteenth day of October, 1861, and *continue* until the First of March, 1862.
The Commencement will take place early in March.
FEES.—For a full course of Lectures, $100. Matriculation, $5. Practical Anatomy, $10. Graduation, $30. S. S. BROOKS, M. D., Dean,
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WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a fetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once
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It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.
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They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and volume to the Voice.
They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
They are delightful to the Taste.
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.
I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.
PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
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By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.
They seldom fail in removing the *Nausea* and *Headache* to which females are so subject.
They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*
For *Literary Men, Students,* Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits,* they are valuable as a *Laxative,* improving the *appetite,* giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.
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CAUTION.
As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,
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is on the outside wrapper; all others are swindling counterfeits. nov17-ly

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It has cured GOITRE or Swelled neck.
It has cured CANCER and SCHIRRHUS TUMORS.
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It has cured every kind of Disease of the Skin and of the Mucous Membrane.
It has cured CHOREA, or St. Vitus' Dance, and many other Nervous Affections.
It has cured LEPROSY, SALT RHEUM, and TETTER.
It has cured thousands of Female Complaints.
In short, in all cases, whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, dissipation or other excesses, the Alterative never fails to effect a speedy cure. It is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

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For a Curious Book of NEW YORK SOCIETY—written by a Lady—and containing more romance in Truth than we commonly find in works of Fiction. It describes the *Habits of Life* and *Personal Appearances* of Fascinating Ladies, Old Men's Darlings, Ladies of Pleasure, Dashing Widows, Women in Black, Widows' Daughters, Ladies of Fashion, Adventuresses, Bogus Ladies, Confidence Women, and others as mysterious to the outside world. Fancy binding, 350 pages, 50 engravings. Mailed free, for One Dollar.
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It is strongly recommended by the faculty as a superior nutritious beverage for general Debility, Dyspepsia, Disease of the Liver, Bilious Affections, and Irritable condition of the Stomach. The many thousands who have been reluctantly compelled to abandon the use of Coffee, owing to the injury done to their health, will find this superior to the best Java Coffee, to say nothing of its great and acknowledged medical benefits.
Wherever known it takes the place of all other coffee, and costs only one-half the price of the best Java.
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COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,
Has been for thirty years the Standard Remedy.
It will be admitted that no better evidence of the great curative powers of this EXPECTORANT can be offered than the grateful testimony of those who have been restored to health by its use, and the widespread popularity which, for so long a period, it has maintained in the face of all competition, and which has created a constantly increased demand for it in all parts of the world. As far as possible this evidence is laid before the public from time to time, until the most skeptical must acknowledge that for all Pulmonary complaints, it is truly an invaluable remedy.
RECENT COUGHS AND COLDS, PLEURITIC PAINS, &c., are quickly and effectually cured by its diaphoretic, soothing and Expectorant power.
ASTHMA it always cures. It overcomes the spasmodic contraction of the air vessels, and by producing free expectoration, at once removes all difficulty of breathing.
BRONCHITIS readily yields to the Expectorant. It subdues the inflammation which extends through the wind tubes, produces free expectoration, and suppresses at once the Cough and Pain.
CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease, no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation—relieves the Cough and Pain—removes the difficulty of breathing and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.
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In all PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, in CROUP, PLEURISY, &c., it will be found to be prompt, safe, pleasant and reliable, and may be especially commended to MINISTERS, TEACHERS, and SINGERS, for the relief of Hoarseness, and for strengthening the organs of the voice.
This EXPECTORANT and all of *Jayne's Family Medicines,* are prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. ap 13-tf

Wit and Humor.

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR IN THE HOME GUARD.

The moment the Flag was threatened, large bodies of men were called upon to rally in its defence. Being a large-bodied man, I rallied, and enrolled myself with the Home Guards. The drill is very severe on me this hot weather, although I am constantly allowed an attendant with a fan and a pitcher of ice water.

I am constantly reminded that one of the first requirements of a soldier is to throw out his chest and draw in his stomach. Having been burned out several times while occupying rooms in an attic, I have had considerable practice in *throwing out my chest*, but by what system of practice could I ever hope to draw in my stomach? I can't "dress up"—it's no use trying. If my vest buttons are in line I am far in the rear, and if I toe the mark a fearful bulge indicates my position. (There is no room for argument in regard to my sentiments—everybody can see at a glance *just where I stand*.) One evening we had a new drill sergeant who was near-sighted.—Running his eye down the line, he exclaimed sharply

"What is that man doing in the ranks with a bass drum?"

He pointed at me, but I hadn't any drum—it was the surplus stomach that I couldn't draw in.

I am the butt of numberless jokes, as you may well suppose. They have got a story in the Guards that when I first heard the command, "Order arms!" I dropped my musket, and taking out my note-book began to draw an order on the Governor for what arms I wanted. They say I ordered a Winans steam gun, with a pair of Dahlgren howitzers for side arms! Base fabricators! My ambition never extended beyond a rifled cannon, and they knew it.

Although in respect to size I belong to the "heavies," my preference is for the light infantry service. My knapsack is marked light infantry. One evening the spectators seemed convulsed about something, and my comrades tittered by platoons whenever my back was turned. It was all a mystery to me until I laid off my knapsack. Some wretch had erased the two final letters, and I had been parading all the evening labelled "LIGHT INFANT!" The above is one of the thousand annoyances to which I am subjected, and nothing but my consuming patriotism could ever induce me to submit to it. I rallied at the call of my country, and am not to be put out by the *rallying* of my comrades.

I overheard a spectator inquire of the drill-sergeant one day:

"Do you drill the whole of him at once?"

"No," he returned, in an awful whisper, "*I drill him by squads!*"

I would have drilled him if I had had a bayonet.

Specifications have been published in regard to my uniform, and contractors advertised for. The making will be let out to the lowest responsible bidder. In case the Guards are ordered to take the field, a special commissary will be detailed to supply my rations. That reminds me of a harrowing incident. On last drill night, an old farmer, who dropped in to see us drill, took me aside, and said he wanted to sell me a yoke of powerful oxen.

"My ancient agriculturist," said I, smiling at his simplicity, "I have no use for oxen."

"Perhaps not at present," quoth he, "but if you go to war you will want them."

"For what?" said I, considerably annoyed.

"*Want 'em to draw your rations!*"

The Guards paid me a delicate compliment at the last meeting. They elected me "Child of the Regiment," with the rank of first Corpulant, and the pay of chief "Blowyer." I was about to return thanks in a neat and appropriate speech, when a reporter who was present assured me it was no use—he had got the whole thing in type, speech and all, and I could read it in the evening paper. He said they kept a "neat and appropriate speech" standing in type continually. I got his views, and held my peace.

Yours for the Union, including
the Stars, also the Stripes,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

FOLLOW YOUR NOSE.—A man, whose son ran away for "parts unknown," advertised him in the papers, describing him as "red-haired, blue-eyed, and having a turned-up nose." One evening while the anxious father was, as usual, inquiring of every one he saw concerning his runaway son, a wag who was standing by exclaimed—

"I'm positive your son will turn up soon, my man."

"Have you seen him, my friend?" asked the father, grasping the other by the hand.

"You say his nose turned up, don't you?"

"Yes, yes; but have you seen him?"

"No, I haven't; but if his nose turned up, he'll turn up too, for every one must follow his nose, you know."

The father groaned at this poking fun at misery.

HOW PAT TRANSLATED GERMAN.—At a table d'hote, recently, in Hamburgh, an Irishman was seated next a German lady, who did not speak English. Handing her a plate of peaches, he said—

"Have a peach, mam?"

"*Nein*" (no), replied the lady.

"*Nine!*" said he, staring with astonishment, first at her, and then at the other guests at the table. "Why, mam, there is only six in the dish; but there they are for you," at the same time rolling the whole upon her plate.

☞ If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a TIE.

"HE CAME TOO LATE!"

He came too late—the toast had dried
Before the fire too long;
The cakes were turned upon their side,
And everything went wrong.
She scorned to wait all night for one
Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
And cleared the things away.

He came too late. He saw at once,
That supper time was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt;
She closed the pantry door.
The table cloth had passed away,
No dishes could he see;
She met him and her words were gay,
But she never spoke of tea.

He came too late—the fragrant steam
Of tea had long since flown;
The flies had fallen in the cream,
The bread was hard as stone.
And when with word and look he tried
His hungry state to prove;
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And never deigned to move.

THE WAR COMET OF '61.

VANITY FAIR'S REPORTS FROM THE INTERIOR.

The magnificent comet which appeared in this thrifty municipality the other night, was witnessed by thousands of our citizens, and has been graphically described by the daily papers. We therefore need not further allude to the appearance of the brilliant visitor here, but will proceed to lay our reports from the interior before the readers of Vanity Fair:—

ALBANY, July 3.

The comet was here this evening, and looked splendidly. A sort of comet made its appearance in Troy, about the same time, but it was a one-horse affair in comparison to ours.

TROY, July 3.

A magnificent comet appeared in our city this evening. Its splendid nucleus was especially admired by our citizens. The sickly concern which appeared in Albany had no nucleus.

RAHWAY, N. J., July 4.

The comet has at last appeared in New Jersey. It made its appearance here this evening by special consent of the common council. The comet had a splendid nucleus. The assertion of a respectable young man from New York that he saw two comets is generally discredited, as he was evidently laboring under a rush of tea to the brain.

BOSTON, July 5.

The comet has now been in New England for the period of two days. It is a very creditable affair, although it is due to candor to state that it does not, in point of grandeur and revolutionary interest, approach Bunker Hill. The comet will not leave New England.

CHICAGO, July 6.

A gorgeous comet made its appearance here this evening, and is the guest, of course, of the Chicago Academy of Science. Corner lots advanced 15 per cent. at once. Dan. Boss has extended a free pass to the comet over the Chicago and Pittsburg R. R.

PORTLAND, ME., July 6.

The comet was here this evening. It is vastly superior to the Great Eastern, even admitting that there is any such boat, which we by no means do.

PRINCETON, N. J., July 6.

Notwithstanding the comet, the fare on the Camden and Amboy R. R. will remain at the same reasonable rates—U. S. soldiers only being charged extra.

BALTIMORE, July 6.

The comet passed over our city to-night. No attempt was made to obstruct its passage, and there was no evidence of a mob.

The city is quiet.

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.

The comet was seen here to-night by one of the Girard House contractors, but as he couldn't make anything out of it, it was allowed to sail on.

IRISH FERTILITY IN EXCUSE MAKING.—An Englishman, travelling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles.

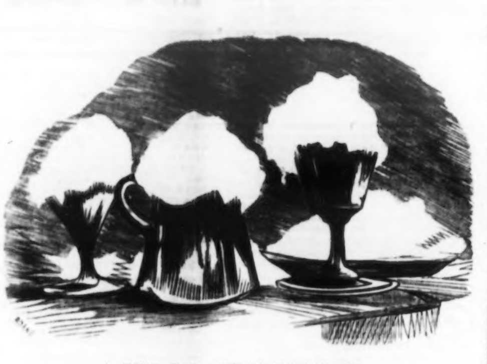
"Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!"

"Sure, sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."—*Punch.*

SHELL-PROOF VESSELS.—In order to obtain shell-proof gunboats of light draught, and, at the same time, obviate the necessity of employing thick and heavy iron plates for sheathing, and a combination bomb-proof outer coating may be used, consisting of 2 inch tough iron plates, and an inside packing of prepared cotton.

Mr. J. Chapman states, in his work on the improved American rifle, that at 40 rods distance, with a charge and rifle which sent a picket bullet into three inches of seasoned hemlock, he filled a box 16 inches in depth with cotton batten, covered its open end with a piece of sheepskin, and fired a number of shots into it, when, contrary to expectation, they penetrated only 10 inches, and their form was "more marred" than if they had been shot into sand. By steeping cotton in a preparation of alum, or phosphate of ammonia, it may be rendered fire-proof, so as to make it safe against red-hot shot. With iron plates of two or three inches in thickness to break shells, and a packing of prepared cotton to resist the penetration of solid shot and prevent the spreading of splinters, shell-proof gunboats of very light draught may be constructed.—*Scientific American.*

☞ At a masked ball at Paris, the theatre where it was held was constantly ventilated by fresh air perfumed by a process invented by M. Rimmel.



A HINT FOR THE SECESSIONISTS.

Glasses invitingly filled with nicely picked cotton, are an excellent substitute for ice cream this hot weather, when the latter—owing to the want of Northern ice—cannot be conveniently had. This is also another proof that "Cotton is King."

GRAY EYES.

The gray eye is peculiarly the eye of woman. And here we meet with a variety enough to puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, and the wild gray eye; every one has seen them—too often, perhaps. There are some that belong only to the gallows; there are others of which any honest brute would be thoroughly ashamed. But then, again, there are some beautiful enough to drive one wild, and it is only them which I mean. There is the dark, sleepy, almond-shaped, gray eye, with long black lashes—it goes with the rarest face on earth—that sultana-like beauty of jet black hair, and a complexion that is neither dark nor fair—almost a cream color, if the truth must be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of the calla Ethiopia itself.

Directly opposed to this is the calm, clear gray eye—the eye that reasons, when this only feels. It looks you quietly in the face; it views you kindly, but, alas, dispassionately; passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady blaze of friendship, when he tries to hide within. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious and pitying his fellow men, even while at a loss to understand their vagaries. It is the eye for a kind and considerate physician, for a conscientious lawyer (if such a man there be), for a worthy village pastor, for a friend as faithful as any poor human being can be.

Last of the gray eyes comes the most mischievous; a soft eye, with a large pupil, that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that sighs almost, that has its sunlight, its twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms; a wonderful eye, that wins you whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not—no matter if features are irregular and complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your very chains.

OLD LETTERS.

Looking over an accumulation of old letters—what a strange mixture of thoughts that induces—heart-sickness too often predominant as one sighs, "Ah! for the change 'twixt now and then!" "I have a little packet," says the author of "Dream Life," not very large, tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which, far into some winter's night, I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over with such sorrow, and such joy, such tears and smiles, as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and better man. There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother, What gentle admonition! what tender affection! God have mercy upon him who outlives the tears that such admonitions and such affection call up to the eye! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister—written when she and you were full of glee, and the best mirth of youthfulness. Does it harm you to recall the mirthfulness; or, to trace again for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its i's so carefully dotted, and its gigantic t's so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?" Well says Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his last, best novel—"My Novel" worthily dubbed—that a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily a ghost. "It is a likeness struck off of the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the church-yard yield to us like the writing of the dead?"

CRYING FOR THE FUN OF THE THING.—A recent traveller in New Zealand thus refers to a fashion prevalent in that country with young ladies, who go out to spend a delightful evening:—

"The chief amusement of the females was, and still is, the tangi, or crying. The ladies pride themselves on their doing this in the most affecting way, so that a stranger would be deceived, and not think it possible that it could be mere mockery of woe, and yet it is nothing more; tears are shed in abundance and hands are wrung, as if suffering the most poignant grief, while the most heart-rending cries excite the sympathy of the company. The ladies have their heads adorned with fillets of leaves, or dog's hair, and so much joy do they experience in this exciting amusement, that they look forward to a good crying with the same desire that a young lady in England does to a dance or ball."

INCONSISTENT LOGICIANS.—When Ethan Spike said he was in favor of the liquor law, but totally opposed to its enforcement, everybody laughed at the idea, and thought it a good joke; and so indeed it was. Strange as it may seem, there are many in the border States occupying on the secession question precisely the position of Etan Spike. They are lovers of good government; none are more clamorous for the Constitution and the Union than they are; they can be emphatic in their praises and commendation of both, but they unfortunately stammer, when they enunciate, "the *enforcement* of the laws." Such men seem to forget that a Government, unable to execute its decrees or carry out any of its measures, is precisely no Government at all. The very idea of a Government presupposes authority, force, coercion; it is simply insanity to talk of any Government without it.

BASHFULNESS.—Bashfulness is not so much the effect of an ill-education, as the proper gift and provision of a wise nature. Every stage of life has its own set of manners, that is suited to it and best becomes it. Each is beautiful in its season; and you might as well quarrel with the child's rattle, and advance him directly to the boy's top and marbles, as expect from a diffident youth the manly confidence of riper age.

☞ FREDERICK ADOLPHUS AT THE SEA SHORE.—Ugh! how vewy uncomfortable these wet clothes are. If a fellow could only bathe and keep himself dry, there would be some sense in it.

Agricultural.

NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF PEAS AND BEANS.

In our last we made some remarks upon this subject, bringing proofs from "Holy Writ" of the position taken by the value of this kind of food for supporting the animal system.

We propose now to bring forward facts further corroborative of the value of these products for animal food. We shall make an abstract of observations made and published in England, several years ago, by Dr. Buckland:—

"The seeds of leguminous plants," says he, "especially peas and beans, are loaded with the constituents of muscle, and bone ready prepared to form and maintain the muscular fibre of the body of animals. Hence, the rapid restoration of the shrunk muscle of the exhausted post horse by a good feed of oats and beans, (the English horse bean is here meant.) Hence the sturdy growth of the Scotch children on oat cake and porridge, and of broth made of the meal of parched or kiln dried peas." On this he avers a man can live and do a good days work on 1½ penny a day; while the children of the rich, on the finest wheat flour, and on sago and rice, butter and sugar, may appear fat and sleek, but would often die, as they sometimes do, on such nonnutritious food were it not for the mixture of milk and eggs they eat in their cake and puddings.

He further remarks that an old laborer of Axbridge complained to his master, Mr. Symonds, that laborers feeding there on potatoes could not do so good a day's work now as when he was young and fed on peas. "Peas, sir," said he "stick to the ribs." In this he uttered the very truths of organic chemistry.

In beans we have vegetable "caseine," or the peculiar element of cheese. What is more grateful to a man when fatigued by labor or a long walk? Sepoys, on long voyages, live exclusively on peas. The working and healthy man and beast want muscle and not fat. Fat incumbers and impedes activity, and every excess of it is disease. We seldom see a fat soldier, except among the sergeants, who sometimes eat and drink too much.

We have thus abridged some of Dr. Buckland's remarks for the benefit of our readers, some of whom are beginning to look upon beans and peas, especially bean porridge and pea porridge, as very unfashionable and vulgar food. Flour—flour, superfine flour must be the bread, morning, noon and night, and thus foolishly throw away the most nutritious food—food that every muscle and every bone in our bodies is begging for, and supply them with that which satisfieth them not at all, for fashion's sake. We will not say that the man who invented the modern "bolt," or sifting apparatus, by which the most nutritive part of the wheat is separated and cast one side, while the "superfine" part is saved and made the staple food for the people, ought to have been hung—but we do say that he was far from being a benefactor to his race. He pandered to a sickly and suicidal sentiment that *fine* people must eat *fine* flour. He helped to bring about a degeneracy in the physical strength and powers of the people, which is in strange contrast with the enduring and stalwart frames of our fathers, and which can only be reproduced by a return to the more substantial diet upon which they fed.—*Maine Farmer.*

BLACK CURRANT WINE.—The very finest wines are now being manufactured from our fruits. We have red currant wine, blackberry wine, raspberry wine, and also cherry wine, cordial and brandy, besides peach and apple brandy, a liquor from the pear; and thus far no use has been made of the *black currant*, to any extent, save as a jelly or a jam. We learn that in France there is now being made the *liquer de cassis* in large quantities, from the black currant, and millions of plants are cultivated for this purpose. It is said that it is so extensive near Dijon, where there is made in that town about two thousand gallons of wine annually, and so great an interest is felt in this fruit as almost to supersede the cultivation of the vine.

[We have seen the above in several of our cotemporaries, and consider the subject of no small importance. Black currants are very hardy and prolific, and last fall we tasted some wine made by Mr. Bement, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., superintendent of the Springvale estate of M. Vassar, Esq., which was as good as any imported port wine.—*Ed. Scientific American.*]

SALT FOR SWINE.—A correspondent of the Annaleder Landwirthschaft states some interesting experiments to test the use of salt in fattening swine. He selected two pairs of barrow hogs weighing 200 lbs. apiece. One pair received with their daily allowance of food two ounces of salt; the other pair, similarly fed, none. In the course of a week it was easily seen that the salted pair had a much stronger appetite than the others, and after a fortnight the salt was increased to two ounces apiece. After four months the weight of the salted hogs was 350 lbs. apiece, while that of the unsalted, five weeks later, reached only 300 lbs. This experiment was repeated with almost precisely the same results. The author feeds young pigs, according to their age, a quarter to one ounce daily, breeding sows very little during pregnancy, and during the heat of summer withholds it in a great degree from all, as it induces thirst, and liability to disease.

THE BARK LOUSE.—In reply to a correspondent who inquires for a remedy, the editor of the Rural New-Yorker says the bark louse is a difficult insect to get rid of. After mentioning applications of soft soap, tar and linseed oil (?) and a strong lye of tobacco, he adds that a gentleman in the Western part of the State wrote to him last season, that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.

GRAPE VINES.—We were once told that grape vines should not be skinned of their loose, dead bark, as it was a protection to the vine during winter. Practice has proved that the vine denuded of its dead bark, stands the winter as well as those not so treated. Some who opposed the skinning of grape vines, argued that it was like taking off the pantaloons of a boy in cold weather; but as grape vines do not wear pantaloons, and boys are not covered with dead bark, the anology strikes us as slightly imperfect.—*Working Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

TO CLARIFY OIL FOR RIFLE GUN LOCKS.—Fill a phial three parts with almond oil, then fill up the remainder with clean lead chips. Keep the phial in a warm room, and shake it now and then for a month, at the end of which time most of the mucilage acid naturally in the oil will have combined with the lead, and thus the oil will be clarified and fit for lubricating gun locks and other similar work. The lead is easily procured in chips by cutting up with a knife a couple of elongated bullets.—*Septimus Piesse.*

THREE CEMENTS FOR AQUARIUMS (WATERPROOF CEMENTS).—1. Mix boiled linseed oil, litharge, red and white lead together, to a proper consistence, always using the larger proportion of the white lead. This composition may be applied to a piece of flannel and fitted to the joints. 2. A more powerful cement is composed in the proportion of two ounces of sal ammoniac, and four ounces of sulphur, made into a stiff paste with a little water. When the cement is wanted for use, dissolve a portion of the paste in water rendered slightly acid, and add a quantity of iron turnings or filings sifted or powdered, to render the particles of uniform size. This mixture will in a short time become as hard as stone. 3. Make a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three-quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which are to be boiled together, agitating all the time, until the mixture becomes as complete as possible. The pieces to be cemented ought to be kept in junction for forty-eight or sixty hours.

GINGERBREAD.—Take three quarts of flour, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of powdered ginger, one tablespoonful of powdered cloves. Sift the mixture and wet with half a pound of butter in a quart of molasses; knead it well and bake slowly.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 3, 2, 24, 2, 17, is a town in China.
My 21, 9, 25, is a river in the United States.
My 2, 12, 5, 29, 10, 27, is a town in Mexico.
My 15, 14, 28, is a lake in the United States.
My 18, 22, 12, 7, 8, is a firth on the coast of Scotland.
My 16, 21, 23, 26, is a lake in the United States.
My 1, 12, 4, 20, is a town in Sierra Leon.
My 19, 14, 11, is a town in Anam.
My 6, 23, 2, 15, is a power of Asia.
My 13, 22, 12, 3, 17, 29, 2, is a strait in Asia.
My whole is a maxim. SAML. S. LAIRD.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 1, 27, 25, 28, was one of the Oceanides.
My 2, 16, 13, 9, 22, 6, were priests of Bacchus.
My 3, 13, 24, 21, 12, was one of the Titans.
My 5, 15, 20, 11, 23, was the daughter of Acrisius.
My 7, 14, 18, 19, 12, 4, 28, was the goddess of vengeance.
My 8, 14, 5, 23, 11, was a famous sorceress.
My 10, 14, 17, 16, 23, was the daughter of Athamas.
My whole is a verse in the 116th Psalm.

Newport, R. I. ED. NEWTON.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 12, 6, 10, 5, 2, shines brightly on him that possesses it.
My 16, 11, 12, 3, 7, has often been around the necks of people when they didn't want it there.
My 4, 9, 14, is a pretty good one-horse load.
My 15, 10, 16, 9, is the name of a male.
My 8, 15, 9, 13, is the time laborers have their dinner.
My whole is a saying that is proved every day.

ROBERT ANDERSON SCOTT.

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Scarce a day passes by,
That you give me no thought,
For with sorrow or joy
I always am fraught.

When I seem to be near,
'Tis all an illusion,
And no one need fear
My sudden intrusion.

As the year rolls around,
I stay nearly the same;
Yet three times the sound
Is changed of my name.

On the fleet wings of time
I keep up my flight,
In the day's dawn and prime,
And the darkness of night.

To some I bring pleasure,
To others bring health;
To some I bring leisure,
To others bring wealth.

If you've read these lines over
With skill and with art,
My name you'll discover,
If you're "witty" or "smart."

Pequea, Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a range of mountains in Asia.
Is a town Italy.
Is a city in New York.
Is a lake in Europe.
Is a town in Italy.
Is a town in Russia.

My initials form a town in the old world. My finals, place of situation.

SAMUEL S. LAIRD.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In surveying a triangular tract of land, the first side was found to be 150 perches; the second side 132 perches; but it was impossible to measure the third side, on account of a swamp, but three trees could be seen from the third corner, (one of which was on the first corner, and the other two outside of the tract,) whose distances apart were known to be as follows: between the corner tree and the one to the right, 12 perches; between the corner tree and the one to the left, 16 perches; between the right and left trees, 22 perches; and the angle between the corner tree and the one to the right, was 4 degrees 15 minutes; and the angle between the angle between the corner tree and the one to the left, was 5 degrees. Required—the third side and the area of the tract?

Western Star, Ohio. A. S. STUVER.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If an auger hole 12 inches in diameter be made through the centre of a round log 20 inches in diameter, how many cubic inches of the log will be consumed? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a lane very unlike an action at law? Ans.—When you can see the end from the beginning.

☞ What word, with the prefix "go," would be a command to a lad to find out something? Ans.—Buoyancy ("Go, boy, and see!")

☞ Why must Queen Victoria's arms be sadly disproportionate to her body? Ans.—Because, when she is at Balmoral, they may be seen at Windsor.

☞ Why is an unknown lane like love? Ans.—Because it may lead you astray, and you cannot help wondering where it will end.

☞ What musical instruments are carried by all mankind? Ans.—A couple of drums.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

RHYTHMICAL ENIGMA.—"A great city is a great desert." CHARADE.—Spy-glass. REBUS.—Sheffield, in England. (Sinai, Hindoostan, Baikale, Fezzan, Fleming, Ismail, Elmira, Lofoden, Dead.)